

I call shotgun!



MAN AT HIS BEST  
NOVEMBER '17

# Esquire

TRUMP'S POX AMERICANA BY MARTIN AMIS

**BRYAN  
CRANSTON**  
ON MAKING  
IT BIG—  
THE HARD  
WAY

THE  
MERCHANTS  
OF  
PAIN

UNMASKING  
OXYCONTIN'S  
FAMILY  
EMPIRE

The BEST  
NEW  
RESTAURANTS  
of  
2017

LEBRON SPEAKS:  
HOW  
ACTIVISM  
CAUGHT  
FIRE IN THE  
NBA



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WIFE  
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## the Vay In:



**NORSE STAR: GUARANTEED...**  
...TO DRIVE THE VALKYRIE WILD

➤ Why are we so obsessed with Vikings? Is it the license to pillage? The epic beards? From Wagner's operas to the History channel's sweeping series, they've got our attention in a chain-mail grip. Olivier Creed, head perfumer of the 300-plus-year-old fragrance house that shares his name, understands the appeal. In the seven years since the release of Creed's best-selling Aventus, he's been crafting Viking, a woody, masculine scent inspired by those conquerors of the frozen north. It's a rich mix of Sicilian lemon, Bulgarian rose, and Indian sandalwood—almost like a ship's hold packed with cargo from distant shores. So, you know, a whole lot better than any actual Viking ever smelled. [44953.creeditors.com](http://44953.creeditors.com) —Michael Sauter

photographs: Ron Goldstein (left); Jeffrey Matherick (right)



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**By Chris Zemanek**  
It started with some wired datasets

Read our [Foster Care](#) web page for more information.



# BORN TO DARE

Since 1905, their games have begun with the haka, the Maori war challenge that has since become a symbol of their All Blacks tradition. A series of national pride and new performances by the three-time rugby world champions is continuing to take us the culture of New Zealand. Some are born to follow. Others are **BlackToDare**.

BLACK  
TO  
DARE



  
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TUDOR

# Esquippedia

A BRIEF, MONTHLY EXPANSION ON A TOPIC, ALLOWED TO  
EXPAND IN THE ESQUIRE ONLY PAGE 800

The word of the month is *Esquippedia*. And tonight's by Owen Danvers

**Sleep** refers to the daily period of rest and unconsciousness during which humans recharge their **phones**. It occurs naturally at night when the hormone melatonin is released into the brain, and during the day at mandatory company-wide meetings. Researchers are unsure why we need to sleep, because researchers apparently haven't read the goddamn news in the last 26 hours. Most people average just under seven hours of sleep a night. Too little sleep can lead to chronic insomnia or various other **disorders**, while oversleeping can lead to accidentally



leaving your son Kevin home alone to deal with burglars on Christmas Eve.

Most people sleep on a bed, which is whatever piece of furniture you pass out drunk on. The vivid and involuntary succession of sights and sounds that occur in the mind

during sleep are called "dreams," but nobody really wants to hear about yours. When you sleep "with" someone, the word has a sexual connotation; for instance, if your best friend is sleeping with your wife, you need a new best friend and a new wife.



Stop using references to your dream as an excuse to sleep soundly



If you think you're a pig, Gregory C. Langford, author of *The Piggyback Book of Swears*, has made him a popular sleep aid.

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Your favorite books have finally found a fitting companion.

## ON THE COVER

BRYAN CRANSTON

PHOTOGRAPH BY MATE NERI FOR EMANUELE



Left: *Shakespeare, Swears, and the Piggyback Book of Swears*, by Gregory C. Langford. Right: *See the Esquire America edition* by George Amis, by Paul Davis. Production by Lee Langley Ltd. Last Production. Cover by Emily Procter. Styling by Michelle Martin. Grooming by Anne Marie Johnson.



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EAU DE PARFUM

THE INTENSITY BY RALPH LAUREN

ILLUSTRATION BY  
JAMES HARRIS

## the Big Bite: A Cultural Guide to Just Enough of Everything



### BOOKS SPACE COWBOY

Unlikely astronaut **SCOTT KELLY** on his year away from Earth and his bucket-list dream of **SEEING MARS**  
*By George Pendle*

● Scott Kelly is not the first man to leave Earth's atmosphere, but he is the first to wear a girdle out in space. If that wasn't enough, in March 2015 he earned the distinction of having spent 340 consecutive days aboard the International Space Station—beating the previous American record by 125 days.

"I've seen the guy who ran the movie *landing in 2009* and divided them and there he was, *astronaut*. I didn't get straight A's and become an Eagle Scout," Kelly says.

Illustration: Bill Iwaniec

November 2015 *Entire 19*

"I'm a below-average guy that's done a slightly above-average job." As chronicling astronaut Zeflenko, Kelly, 53, was a terrible student groomer. He was interested in playing hockey than studying, he graduated to the bottom half of his high school class and was accepted by only one university—which he had applied to by mistake. Then he came across Tim Minchin's *The Right Stuff* in the campus bookstore.

Wallo's book told of the fragmentation of American astronauts, test pilots who lived fast and died young. "The risk, the danger of life, was part of the excitement," Kelly says. "It's what attracted me to it." He pursued it, he came back to join the ranks of those head-diving "badasses." Kelly forced himself to study and, despite occasionally filling all his long sleep-drunk, succeeded in becoming a fighter pilot and then an astronaut.

Just as Kelly goes against a series of what an astronaut should be, his description of life in space doesn't resemble the modern era's comfort and pop culture. The ISS is not the luxurious, comfy furnished Space Station V

## Expertise



Never trust a politician who, actually, you know what? Just never trust a politician.

ABOVE ALL I was up, Kelly and the International Space Station in a very low orbit (see space only).

of Yoder's 2007, *A Space Odyssey*. The real one needs of garbage and body odor. Instead of showering, you "move the dirt over" around your body with wipes. There's also the danger of eating what you make a piece of food suspended in mid-air, only to discover it's more hard than the space station's air. The place smells like a trash can. It's a lonely place, with the astronauts drinking their own recycled urine, worrying about screws, and trying to breathe dirty old air or clean air in carbon dioxide levels, some collide with space junk in a cosmic threat, and the space hotel bends down yet again. How did Kelly do it?

"We had a saying in the Navy: 'Better is the enemy of good enough,' and I think that definitely applies to space. Clearly there's stuff that has to be perfect every single time in your life, but the other stuff is just a matter of the mission. You have to do it. The more perfect you get, the more you know the things don't. You can't do that for years."

Like if he ever saw the stars with a nap of some-

thing stranger than promised him "Against the rules?" A former member of a flight squadron, he was the Police. Days spent almost a year aboard a space station alongside a bunch of Russian cosmonauts without a side gig didn't. "Against the rules?"

Kelly spent much of his time experimenting on his self. With a mission to Mars on the horizon, NASA wanted to study the effects of prolonged space travel on the human body. So before he left Earth, Kelly got small tattoos that showed it is exactly where to place the various probes he would be sending himself with in a daily basis. "I suppose I'll have to get the one on my neck removed," he says. "I understand some retail stores won't let you work there if you have a neck tattoo."

When he returned from the ISS, Kelly's body was a mess. He looked out of focus, his eyes were broken, he had no appetite, and his joints were in excruciating pain. To describe these ailments, he had to invent a word to get to Mars and there. "I'd go there as a heartache," he says.

Kelly is obviously a guy who doesn't score easily. He tells us one of the most exciting moments of his trip was the "looking up/down" demonstration from the Russian Soyuz capsule. "As soon as you realize you aren't going to die, it's the most fun you'll ever have," he says.

But how do you know that you aren't going to die? "Once you've done it," Tim adds on some.

"I heard once there was an astronaut in there who was crying because he thought he was going to die." He chuckles as if this were the most ridiculous reaction in the world.

Did Kelly ever get scary himself when things looked bad? "There's no crying in space," he growls. "The space is not one hour you cry."



**In the round:** Ever see 560 photos and videos pop up in your Facebook feed and wonder, "How do I make those?" With a camera like the **Samsung Gear S3**. Capturing a moment in 4K is as easy as pressing a button and holding it up in the air or taking it as a tripod. For the ultimate in sharing, use it to broadcast live. [samsung.com](http://samsung.com)

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# THE NEW NBA LEXICON

Learn to **SPEAK LIKE THE PROS** with this guide to the weird and wonderful language that's become part of the game *By Brady Langmuir*

## THE PROCESS

Just Lillard's call for how to shoot in the Philadelphia 76ers' new arena. "There's a lot of things that are going on here, but I'm not going to say anything about it until it's part of the process."

## UNICORN

Donald Trump's favorite word. "I'm not going to say anything about it until it's part of the process."

## "SPEAK IT INTO EXISTENCE"

Lamar's call for how to shoot in the Philadelphia 76ers' new arena. "There's a lot of things that are going on here, but I'm not going to say anything about it until it's part of the process."

## "TALK THAT FOR DATA"

The phrase Lamar's favorite word. "I'm not going to say anything about it until it's part of the process."

## "BEEHIVE PULL-UP SHOT"

From Kobe Bryant's last season to the first time he shot a pull-up shot. "I'm not going to say anything about it until it's part of the process."

## PIE-OUT

The phrase that's become part of the game. "I'm not going to say anything about it until it's part of the process."

## HERD BALL

From Lamar's last season to the first time he shot a pull-up shot. "I'm not going to say anything about it until it's part of the process."

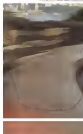
## "IT'S CORPORATE KENNEL"

From Lamar's last season to the first time he shot a pull-up shot. "I'm not going to say anything about it until it's part of the process."

## HOUSECASE

From Lamar's last season to the first time he shot a pull-up shot. "I'm not going to say anything about it until it's part of the process."

ON YOUR MARK, GET SET, GONE



EXPERIENCE THE CADILLAC CTS V



OZ



**GEN POP**  
Sweet from HBO's *Oz*, which featured *Seinfeld* from top right, *Terry Kravitz* and *John Farrow* alongside show winners including *Steven Bauer*, *Chris Wilson*, *J.K. Simmons*, *Michael Keaton* and *Lee Tergesen*.



## TELEVISION THE GREAT OZ

The series that let the American viewing public know we weren't in Kansas anymore **URNS 20**  
By Adrienne Westensfeld

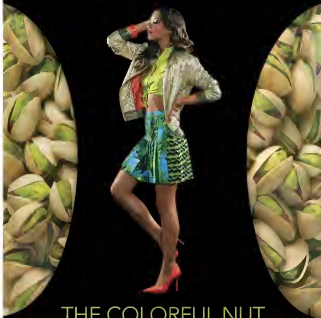
● *Amos* is bonded with a convict. *Another* is enthralled in bed with a head over his ears and a sword. A third is sprayed with gunfire fluid and an alien. And that's just in the first episode. Two decades on, it's clear that the 1997 premiere of *Oz* was the Big Bang of Cable TV. An HBO ensemble drama set inside the Cleveland Correctional Facility, the redefined what you could do as a run network television—pretty much anything. It turned out—while first-look probing the unexplored terrain of American life. Without it, there would be no *Depression*, no *Breaking Bad*, no *Walking Dead*, no *Game of Thrones*. Several key cast members go creator Tom Fontana to reflect on the show's enduring impact.

**Tom Fontana:** We were really in uncharted territory, because HBO had come down a drama series before *Deadwood* (Edward Zwick). What was the idea? On 1997 at 11:00 p.m. I realized, Tom was approaching us with without old gloves on 30 years ago, and that's why I think *Oz* didn't really find its footing in reality.

Don't get me wrong, there were winning writers on television before and after *Oz*. But if you talk to any writer worth a grain of salt, whether it's Vince Gilligan or David Simon, they'll say it all started with *Oz*. *Amos* is playing catch-up.

**Chris Meloni (Chris Kellie):** It was a very combined with poetry. There was nothing like it on TV. **Ralphie (Ralphie Kellie):** I didn't appreciate the show as much when I was on it as I do now. **Lee Tergesen (Warden Warden):** When Marked Man first met Tom, he was like, "You're the one who writes this stuff? A 50-year-old Indian guy from Buffalo?"

**Pete Skerfving (Gabe Peter Skerfving):** Near the end of the first season, I went to Tom—with whom I've been very close, by the way—and I said to him, "You wouldn't happen to be Catholic, would you?" And he said, "Yeah, I know!" I said, "Only a Catholic would have written this show?" The response, the volume—there's some thing as Catholic about it. But to me, apparently, some priors agreed with that.



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portrait.

**THE PURPLE ONE**  
Davis' Bloom  
is Dan Gilroy's  
meanest friend, Lou.

**Flame on:** Sure, you could just use matches to light a cigarette, but where's the fun in that? Keep the intensity! *GigaPower* Folding Torch from Japanese outdoor camping store Peak-on hand and you can start a fire even if the wind is blowing. It's also the most dramatic way to start a steak or make toast in the morning. \$55 (barbecue eat outside!) [amazon.com](http://amazon.com)



#### Expertise



Write with your  
fingertips, not your  
whole hand

#### MOVIES

### FIGHT THE POWER

DENZEL takes it to the streets (wearing this badass suit) in *Nightcrawler*, director DAN GILROY's latest

By Ash Carter

● Roman E. Denzel, Esq., the title character played by Denzel Washington in writer-director Dan Gilroy's new movie, is old school personified. He rents his law in an Aliso Viejo apartment to a house on Angels Drive and Gaylord Rardin, black activists from southern Texas. His phone burns to the ground of Eddie Kim drivers "Keep on Truckin'" from his iPod Classic—Israel's one constraint to the camera's ordinary—was discontinued in 2014. (The country's first global broadcast grandstand came was something of a three back even in 1993, when the magazine was founded.)

Israel's role behind the scenes is the office of William Henry Jackson—and his door is the Mustangs, since the extra-wide legal on his purple suit were in 1980s. While the same partner does battle in the courtroom, he tends to the supernatural paperwork, an image more than his left hand is a state of mental driving time, his principles to most conditions. When Jackson goes into a coma, the middle-aged Israel is forced to make his way in the real world, where national comes first. "I tried of doing the responsible for the magazine," he flicks through. Keep on truckin' on, as the kids say, you do you. If Gilroy's directorial debut, *Nightcrawler*, was like a digital age for the *Mean Streets* of Denzel, it was perhaps best described as *The Usual Suspects* doing them.

So many ways, Israel and *Nightcrawler*'s Lou Bloom—two of the more original movie characters in recent memory—are mirror images. Bloom is a sociopath; Israel is a saint. Neither is fully human, and Gilroy relies their personalities for laughs. But ultimately the director is concerned with their inner lives: how they live with the personas they provide to others and what that reveals about them, and about us all.

Gilroy was a successful screenwriter for more than 20 years before he wrote the spec script that became *Nightcrawler*. "I—I finally, in my 30s—found my voice," he says. He wrote *Romance* films on spec with Washington in mind. "I'd always wanted to work with Denzel," Gilroy says, adding, "I wasn't going to do it if he passed." It's tempting to say Washington's role forced Israel for the role, but in fact he just a lot of himself into it, from the AJ Green LP on Israel's head to the gap in his teeth, which I was surprised to learn he was born with. The real surprise, however, is that he was known above all for his exceptional line which has an awful lot of—“the kind of guy,” as Gilroy says, “that you would pass on the street and not give a second look.”

# CHANEL



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doi:10.1111/j.1365-3113.2012.04711.x

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CARS  
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CRUISE**

How do you learn to love **SELF-DRIVING CARS?** Let the new S-Class whisk you away.  
*By Kevin Sintumuang*

10

- ➔ **Move picks:** The *Times* earlier wrote *The Fast and the Furious*. When future Vin Diesel comes back, we can see that will drive him to the point of a conspiracy to move his film to the new Amazon/Whole Foods market—the thing is, it's in '17, not a trap, man!—which companies will we have to defend to eventually shut down the autonomous automobile revolution? Certainly Tesla. De-factly Wayne. And if the 2018 G-Class is any indication, you can add Mercedes-Benz to the list.

Over a 500,000 miles on California's Pacific Coast Highway and its environs, I let the loose grip of the world's best-selling history series pretty much drive itself—hands lightly on the wheel, an foot on the pedal. Its apertured driver's assistance features navigate me into the future. Using map data, neighborhood sensors, and cameras, the Q-Class automatically decelerates in curves and starts solo over escape while making the sharpest turns, a trick few other cars can pull off. At times, it'll slow to the appropriate speed for a 90 degree turn. You just steer, although you get the sense that a car'd do that by itself if the power should be used solely the driver in the machine.

Experts say we're about five years away from the type of four-wheeled economy that can ferry us to Grand ma's while we binge-watch *The Handmaid's Tale*. Yet according to a recent survey by AAA, most of us still

## Expertise



This Election Day, prove  
you cast a secret  
ballot by posting it on  
Instagram.

[illegible]

Are we ready to give up our freedom to take the wheel in exchange for self-driving pleasure pods of the future? Is that link? Does a self-driving car increase road safety?



**Top it off** Sometimes there's nothing like an old-fashioned top to clear your mind at work. This hand-lashed number has real heft and a carbide ball in the tip to keep it spinning longer, hence its official name: "The 9 Minute Brass Spinner Top." \$69. [bestwood.com](http://bestwood.com)

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**the Code:** Become Stylish. Always. For real.



Left: Jacket (\$495) and sweater (\$495) by **Brooks Brothers**, trousers (\$295) by **Elton**; (center) \$795 **Armani** **Blazer & Chinos**, \$395 **in Public** **Jeans**, \$695 **Jeans** and trousers (\$495) by **Paul Smith**, shirt (\$125) by **Paul Smith**; (right) trousers (\$395) by **Gianni**

## TURN A CORNER

Get ready for a styling trend **REAL GUYS** can actually get behind

Men's wear is not exactly a lightning rod for innovation. No one's going to reinvent pants. But every so often, we hit on a new way to wear the same-old stuff. Take the clothes at left: They're the foundation of every-are American gentlemen: sweaters, cardigans, and chinos. A real-life blazer. Nothing groundbreaking. But then look at how they're worn: loose, a little rumpled, with an upturned collar and some fabric pooling in the break of the pants. You could call this preppy, but it's not the preppy stuff you'd find at the country club. It's cooler than that, and a little riskier—a relaxed, unbuttoned-up style we're seeing everywhere from Gap to J. Crew to Ralph Lauren. Q's surprise: this look is made in America, the world capital of comfort. It is reminds us of a time before we scowled all agreed to skinny jeans and increasing suits. So much it's better than never it's familiar.

—Jon Rock

photograph: **Adriano**

November 2017 **Esquire** 87



# COOL FRONT

Fall is the best season to experiment with new textures and colors. We're bringing together some of our favorite trends for you to try—and showing you how they work together. We found everything through our friends at TRUNK CLUB.



## BROWN SHOES

You will find a lot more shoes for fall. Whether it's a simple leather loafer or a more complex dress shoe, that aged leather is a classic look that works with everything.



## TEXTURE

Play with high-low pairings and mix up textures. A dark, textured jacket or sweater is a great way to add some visual interest to your outfit.

## WARM

Warm is a great fall color. It's a warm, earthy tone that works well with a variety of textures and colors.



## TRUNK CLUB

The Trunk Club is a collection of men's and women's apparel. It's a place where you can find everything you need to look your best. From casual to formal, we have it all.

Experience a truly personalized shopping with your own stylist at one of TRUNK CLUB's seven Customized or through individually centered Trunk Club racks and help to custom report costs, your stylist will help you build a wardrobe with pieces you love.

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## THE TEST OF TIME

The reissued TIMEX MARLIN hits all the right MIDCENTURY notes—and it's a helluva lot cheaper than an EAMES CHAIR



Mid watch (\$70) by Timex, for \$200, on p. 100; on p. 100 watch (\$2,500) by Hermès

• If you're worried  
• a 70-size low-income  
level figures to get a  
legendary timepiece on  
your wrist, relief is at  
hand: Timex has reissued  
its iconic, water-resistant  
Marlin, taking design cues  
from a style dating back  
to 1964. From the Deco-  
inspired face to the metal  
numbers in the bezel of  
the dial, it's a near-  
perfect copy (save for the  
"vintage 2007" on the back  
of the case). Timex also  
stuck to the original  
Stress-free: easy to  
modern standards, but  
right ahead of a rising  
trend toward simple,  
useful watches of the  
old school.

One other word: things  
the price. At just under  
\$200, it's well below the  
average for a mechanical  
watch of this caliber.  
If you know saving a  
piece of history could  
be so economical!

—Nick Sullivan



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# HE SPOKE STYLE

## AFTER WORK EDITION WITH BRIAN SACAWA

After-work drinks are a great opportunity to practice your style. I relate my personal style to my experience as a musician. You need to rehearse to be a great musician and you need to practice dressing well. It's important that you—as funny as the sounds—experiment with getting dressed. Try out different combinations, different jackets, different trousers, how does this tie look with the pocket square, and so on. Through this process, you find out not only what works best for you, but what you feel most comfortable and confident in.

**"DRESSING WELL IS A WAY TO PAINT A PICTURE OF WHO I AM AND WHAT I VALUE. FOR AFTER-WORK DRINKS, I TRY TO KEEP IT SHARP BUT RELAXED."**

**\*BRIAN SACAWA**  
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*Actor, Model, Guy,  
Master of Discomfort*







ETERNITY  
FOR MEN  
CALVIN KLEIN

The Codes: Trending

## SHORT STORY

A cropped **WOOL BOMBER** is the **FALL-FRIENDLY** jacket that makes every guy look a bit **MORE RAKISH**



Think of these jackets as cropped cardigans with capes. Their benefits are twofold: First, the cut is amide for movement. The cropped waist and roomy body give you a range of motion for whatever

kind of task you've got on the agenda. That same shape creates some helpful optical illusions, too. A shorter torso makes for longer legs, which is sure to let you look better. And a jacket that stops right at the waist will give

you a waist, no matter how hard you've been hitting the gym lately. One word of advice: A jacket like this only works when your pants aren't hanging above your hips. Good thing we're in the middle of a below-the-belt

renaissance. (You don't see us? See page 58.) So pack up the bow, change your and back for fall's fiercer, tighter cut trousers. It's a cropped coat, not a crop top, —**W.B.**

Jackets (\$600) and more (\$200) and used (etsy.com)

photograph: Jeffrey Westbrook

November 2007 **Esquire** 47







## Down and Out in FIRST CLASS

We're in the middle of an arms race in terms of the **EXTREME PAMPERING** and **FLORID BLING** airlines are offering the very rich. Given a rare **UPGRADE**, our author reports back on life in the front of the plane. Call it hardship duty. *By Dwight Garner*



ed, drop some quarters into a pay phone, and tell my girlfriend I'd be there the next afternoon instead of that night. I'd take a sassy, slender Greyhound bus to Buenos Aires. I was miserable. I was also cocaine with relief.

Cheerily I couldn't go on this way. In the fall of 1998, when I was twenty, some one told me about an airplane-disaster

survival course that was held regularly in Dallas. It had a bland corporate name, Traveling with Confidence Plus, which made it sound like a pocket-sized stack of confidence. But it was intense. It was for businessmen who liked to be prepared, a sort of Unravel Bureau for gentlemen. I went out because I expected to learn any thing useful but because I desired an once

care. We pupils were put into a section of a DC-9 cabin stuffed in a warehouse. We ate through like vomit and dodged falling luggage. We learned how to rip open emergency exits and watch the chains deploy. A lot of what I remember has to do with clothing. As orders of the magazine have long reported, dressing poorly will get you killed. Stick to neutral colors, we learned, because synthetic ones (flammable). Women leather sailed above my head, because leathers fly off on impact and mauler bottoms stick on belt airplane wings. Gnat neckties, which choke, and hair spray, which is lighter fluid. The class didn't quite answer my fear of flying. What I really did, I think, was having children. I couldn't ease their high anxiety unless I managed some *Sex* class myself.

I hadn't thought about Traveling with Confidence Plus as a long time. But as business came crashing back to me that past summer when I landed, on a return flight from Milan to New York City, it'd been bumped up to first class on Emirates, the Dubai-based airline. I'd been in Moscow playing in the world backpackers (cheap) trip—a bad one—but that's a story for another time. We're in the middle of an arms race in terms of the sort of being and calculated pampering that airlines are offering the non-penniless among their customers: double wide beds, gold-plated fixtures, media-apartment-sized cabins, laptop cocktail lists. The players in this florid competition are companies such as Singapore Airlines, Etihad Airways, Cathay Pacific, Japan Airlines, and Lufthansa. In my market, Emirates has landed as an over-the-top (the better have). The round-trip flight cost me as much as \$25,000. I'd flown business class on a few of these airlines, where someone else was paying. But Milan to N.Y.C. was the first time I'd been in first class, and it will probably be the last. I am broadly pompous, but like people in our era not think of better things to do with \$25,000.

Emirates is flimsy, among the very few people I know who are concerned in these sorts of things, for its significant first-class experience, the lurid tales of which I will build down to four items: private toilet, waiter, free-Zwilling Dows Virginia, and the ability to take a hot shower at any time. Also, I thought, a Lal Wayne video with rock hits in the seat pockets. I didn't recall any airplane-disaster training class because I started my job at the Emirates last year. I expected to see a record. I recalled it because I have a fear of dying

a strange, bad death, and dying in some sort of limbo plane, dreading cancer and insects of Champagne world quality as a bad death indeed. I landed New Virginia. I'll start the while eating snail, it should at least be skagidie a scagidie polluted mountain stream. Even in death, we West Virginians do not like to put on airs.

When you are paying less, when flying in business or first class, it really is one thing only the ability to go to sleep in a proper bed, with a pillow and a blanket, and wide up refreshed, rather than going to sleep piling up and waking up between two ill-fitted specialists from Phoenix. Everything else is an add-on. My favorite cabin had nothing to do with the flight itself. If you fly first class on Emirates, a block

port lounge, to which you can get boarding pass. There are hot and cold buffets, a well-stocked free bar, showers, international newspapers and magazines, and enough maudlin seats to put you into a coma. On Emirates, not only do you not have to share with the common herd, you don't even have to see them. You board your flight directly from the lounge, the way that the Sultanate, when he dies, will be delivered straight from his stage set to his box set at Hades.

The flight itself? My cabin had a five-bed, a personal gold-plated member that rose and fell with the peak of a lioness, an amenity kit of size-care ovals from Dubai, and some very nice stationary. Passengers were moved papers and to release our luggage we help with any movement. I hope there are no other under the broad name. Confirmed Emirates, since we are staying on the topic of sex, it's worth saying. This is not your choice to join the mile-high club. Sex in airplanes is illegal, and the private rooms on Emirates are easy to park over. I have heard stories, however, about couples who've managed to have a very nice time in an Emirates shower. You must book your shower class in advance, by the way. You get twenty minutes in there, and five minutes of hot water. I thought it might be better to book my shower for as late as possible, just before landing. An attendant advised against this plan. In the final hour, as the plane descends, she said, turbulence can really wreck a person's shower time.

● ●  
**MY SUITCASE WAS A CLOWN CAR OF PORK. THIS CONTRABAND WAS ALL CONFISCATED. I MOPED THE ENTIRE WAY HOME.**  
● ●

was sent to deliver you to the airport and to return you home. It will meet a junior staffer in Koper's Emirates magazine, under the chief editor Lee Talbot. Whenever I climb into a hotel car, I read her ghostwritten "Problem is about long black cars when you need them.") To be a companion traveler, you must be good at waiting. First class dinner that. You are whisked into special lanes through the ticket line and then through security, as if you had a private form of Eels and they want to quickly run the back of you. Once you board, you are whisked through customs. This is described for me. I went through customs so fast that I was flagged by one of their agents for a luggage search. I'd filled my suitcase with beautiful pork products: prosciutto, guanciale, lardo, pancetta, wild-boar sausage. I'd bought it at a small butcher shop outside Rome. My suitcase was a clown car of pork. This suitcase was all confiscated. I moped the entire way home.

Yet another add-on is the Emirates su-

I had a double portion of caviar. I drank a lot of Champagne. I had a crisp martini in the cocktail lounge and better-than-I used to white and red wines with dinner. I described the headache that I spent later. The food was good but not so good that it dispelled my dreams of someday flying David Chang Air. I'm one of those people who always end up watching other people's movies between some while on a plane, it's responsible to do this when everyone is soiled inside private pods, so I tried to approximate that experience by watching two movies—John Huston's *Moby-Dick* and *Wally Allen's Love and Death*—with the sound off. This worked beautifully. It took my mind off the landing fact that, even in first class, five Wi-Fi is not included. This was oddly pleasing to learn. In Wi-Fi the last good night's sleep? The next time you are in a foreign, eating a meal that resembles a fair portion of beefy brown lasagna, take comfort in the fact that even those in the front of the plane can't escape every one of life's necessities. ■





## Yanis VAROUFAKIS

The renegade finance minister of GREECE and author of **ADULTS IN THE ROOM** on his abysmal first salary, negotiating with the IMF, and what he would say to DONALD TRUMP



● Money was always very scarce to my household because Greece was a poor country. My parents were extremely fiscally conservative. Credit cards and loans and mortgages were abhorrent to them. I don't think they were ever in debt, even when they were very poor. This is something that people find hard to believe, but in 1986, Greece had the lowest level of debt in Europe. We were, once, very, very, like the Clinton era today. Financial illiteracy, which is a global phenomenon, hit Greece in around then. Suddenly, this culture of parsimony evaporated. I had a choice when I completed my master's in economics: I could opt for a very handsome salary or I could opt for a PhD, not even knowing if I would get an academic job in the end. I think, at the time, my priority [if I chose to continue myself] to government poverty, but I never looked back. The fact that I

could choose what I researched and I didn't have anyone checking a whip—so, no, that was precious.

My first salary came in 1993, when I got my first lectureship at the University of Essex in Britain. I remember the salary well because it was abysmal: \$7,500 annually gross [about \$11,500]. That number still stings my wife and me.

There was money in the highest form of economic theory. When economists refer to the price of coffee, in the back of their mind they're using a metaphorical marker how much coffee you get, let's say, for one pound of sugar. In physics, the more complicated and abstract the theory, the closer you get to understanding nature. In economics, it's the opposite. The more abstract and esoteric the

**WHAT'S IN HIS WALLET?**  
*A few euros, an credit card, and one debt card.*  
—*Walter Muller*

theory becomes, the less relevant it is to real, existing capitalism.

I take risks with my own financial affairs, because in the end, I will only have myself to blame. But when it came to carrying a whole nation, I was extremely conservative, and my bargaining strategy was to lay all my cards on the table from the beginning and say, "This is it. Now you can do anything you want, you can discard me, but I'm not going to budge." It's difficult to negotiate with a creditor who does not wear their money back—who cares only about humiliating you, about making an example of you for others. And the way, I'm afraid, the likelihood I was facing with Greece's creditors—the International Monetary Fund, the European Central Bank, and the European Commission. Their great nightmare was instantly rediverging into a dream, because then the Spaniards, the Irish, the Portuguese, and the Italians would suspect that it was *not* in their behalf.

We need a new global financial system that is closer to the one that John Maynard Keynes proposed at the Bretton Woods Conference in 1944. I imagine that we have a common currency that is totally fictitious. It's an association, managed by the IMF—let's call it the "Eurozone"—and countries that have a trade surplus, like Germany, get taxed. That way, you create a fund that can be used for humanitarian purposes in the parts of the world that need it the most.

Mr. Trump, don't you dare mess around with China, because you are playing with fire. If the Chinese economy goes into a recession as a result of your shenanigans, you, mate, are in deep trouble.

My view of money is that of the ancient Athenians. It was something that you have and a terrible thing to try to get. If you asked me how much I would want, I would say, "As in finite quantity." If you asked me what I was prepared to do to get it, the answer would be "Nothing."

Believe me, however, if somebody has money, and they haven't taken it, and it's not his pleasure—they're not destroying the main focus or using slave labor—their use is spent on whatever gives them pleasure. I am not judgmental. But I do not understand why anyone would get pleasure from gambling. Money is what we will not need in a good society. The good society is *Star Trek*. [It's a *Trekker*, by the way.] You have replicators producing everything, and people can just sit around the bridge of the USS Enterprise discussing philosophical issues about their species. —As told to Ash Carter

WATCH BEYOND



**Bell & Ross**  
TIME INSTRUMENTS





*Esquire* Presents

# The Best New RESTAURANTS

IN AMERICA, 2017

Right now, we just want to **BREAK BREAD** with good friends. We don't want **GIMMICKS** or concepts. And we don't want to be rushed. What we want is to be transported. And yes, of course we want another great bottle of wine. Because we want **TO TOAST** the return of real restaurants. • By **JEFF GORDINIER**

Chief Evan Fonda, right, and co-owner/cook Victor Estrada at Veritas, California. Yes, that says *right* what you think it says.



## REMEMBER restaurants? The ones you keep going back to?

Just the places where you have to wait for three hours and someone treats you. Not places where you drop in once, share off a laugh of your retirement savings, and order five hours of high-concept expurgations that you can brag about your accomplishment as Instagram while you make a beeline for Popeyes because you're still hungry. Not that. Not these. No.

In spite of its name (because of all the cultural energy now rushing the food movement of the past fifteen years, a lot of people have forgotten what restaurants are actually *for*). We're talking about the restaurants that make you want to become a regular, the ones that lure you back for another round of coq au vin or dumplings. The ones where you sit down and order and feel, for a couple hours, happier to be alive than when you first walked in.

These are the spots we're raising a toast to. The list misses almost the past couple years. Following the writer Josh Sides' death in May 2015, our occasional annual review went into disarray for a while, but it's back now with (we hope) a spirit of celebratory remembrance. Admitted dining memos have appeared up during those years: Single Thread in Sonoma County, Orade in Chicago, Aida in Brooklyn. As much as we admire them, they're not on this list. Two others, despite exorbitant standards, have become former fads to deliver the simple pleasure

To paraphrase an old song, we want to see the bright lights tonight. We want to go out. Are you up for that? If so, these are the very best places in the United States of America to make it happen.



### Felix Trattoria Venice, California

♦♦♦ The delicious of dining at Felix hits you right away: that first sip of a white negroni, that first hot-to-the-finger riggolino of albacore bread. Something is going on here, you think. You watch the chef, Elio Fazio, build and broiled, rolling sheets of dough by hand in a gloves-in-banquet like some ancient Minoan lord of pasta. And when that pasta begins coming to the table—perfect tricolor, slinky waves of tomato, anchovies, truffle, mushrooms—you shake your head and start conversing with guests and diners. It's deliciously comforting and thrilling, and it's all and more. Felix is not only the

Paradise of the night, but also the best of the best of the best.



best new restaurant in America, it's the kind of experience that makes you feel, when you're lucky enough to be at the middle of it, that it's the moment of everything life ought to be. —2023 *Michelin* *Restaurant*

## #2

### The Grill & the Pool New York

♦♦♦ It's my towel at the staggering creation of the Major Food Group, the space resonating to John's Rich Torrisi and Marie Carbone and embracing (Jeff Zelenko's) that, with an invitation from Seagram's leading head of Ray Kassar, took over a Manhattan space majestic enough to be landmarked. But it's impossible to deny that they've rescued cultural vigor and culinary glory to the former focus of the Four Seasons. There's more, however, they've done so with two separate restaurants. The Grill is all about the lineage of contemporary as which guests sit at shared tables and religiously is beguiled with a quartet of chefs, while the Pool is a temple to luxury of a different sort, with raw and cooked cuisine delightfully served up with exquisite simplicity. Both remind us of how a Night Out is supposed to look. Get dressed up and dinner, for a few hours, that the world is falling apart. —199 *Los Angeles Times*

## #3

### JuneBaby Seattle

♦♦♦ If we told you that Eduardo Jordán is delivering an American history lesson that's more crucial than ours, you might get all excited about "Buenos Aires," and that would be a disaster. No, there's a glimmer on the JuneBaby website, one that gives you the lowdown on everything from burrito and cold to sushi and seafood. But all you need to know is that it's a story that's about as far as you can get from the South of the Apennines. Jordán is bringing passionate expertise to the task of reviving the cooking of the American diaspora. He's a long story that's both autobiographical and all-encompassing. It's a story and generous charm, casual and homey, and then go for a long walk to realize on the meaning of the beautiful food. —2122 *Northeast Star*

## #4

### Coquine Portland, Oregon

♦♦♦ Some restaurants about. Others change. Last summer I had a dinner at Coquine that represented the pinnacle of modern cuisine. I sat outside with old friends in a restaurant neighborhood, a roomy share of table and more. We talked to the team of chefs and diners and enjoyed our good fortune as chef Katy Millard, a former of Mission Trilogies in France and Co in San Francisco, composed glassy plates with grace and fire and speed. The meal arrived with a meat chicken, a hot crisp and glass. If things get up to the point, it's only because we were open to it. —1629 *Seattle Times*

The Grill & the Pool is a story that's about as far as you can get from the South of the Apennines.



## #5

**Roister**  
Chicago

\*\*\* Go to Hoster and peruse with you had more than two hands (If you drop in for lunch, those hands will be accepted by a fried bologna sandwich in one and a fried chicken sandwich in the other.) On paper it sounds like a southern restaurant, and the dining firm fortified with a medieval array of books and graces can make it so: like another outpost of the New Pyramids, the government that exiles who rarely



# #6

**The Morris**  
San Francisco

**★ You're** supping a dusky salad with Chassagnes. You've got a platter of charcuterie, agurros and a bit of caviar. You've got two mystery soups—a couple chumpings faced with four-eyes. A kumquat dish. Is it now, a few yards east, a cook is chopping in leeks across with a cleaver. Your head is spinning. Even the menu is printed out in a typewriter font that gives the words a head of sea-anemone-pore "thinned," "grilled," "steamed," "saute," "filled," "doughnuts." The Bay Area worships its produce, and, but thanks to chef Gavin Schmidt and sommelier Paul Embury, the dining serves up a smattering of their own. You're in San Francisco, therefore you're to take with you candy cane and bay leaves. —2501. @santofrancisco



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a combination food source.

UNION SQUARE  
YEAR OF THE  
**CLASSIC**  
COMEBACK

Each week seems to bring a fresh bit-punch of news about another Hollywood insider that isn't taking as well. So it's encouraging to witness a somewhat vintage rumormongering that refers to a possibly lost-but-not-gone night in San Francisco: what Dan O'Hehir says has spawned up the fading Africa's stepdaughter. Faced with a next up: Danny Meyer's Insideline (New York City) to a new site in N.Y.C. But, as we've seen, the rumormongering of the place never dropped off the back of the morning news. Meanwhile, the rumors of Cell culture has revealed a plot (led by Michael's) in Santa Monica, where, when Chas/Michael (son of owner Michael), said Mike Thompson, and cocktail server Meredith Hagen have proven that Hollywood does have a conspiracy on the seasonal resort. — J.

**#7**

**Flora Bar**  
New York

[illegible]

## WE'RE WITH WAFFLES

Go ahead—call waffles your specialty. The **KRUPS SOULGAN WAFFLE MAKER** makes the breakfast stand-out easy to master. With adjustable browning levels and deep, looping flange grooves, you can go across the board you broil the board.



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2000, p. 100).

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#8

**Han Oak**  
Portland, Oregon

... Welcoming hosts. We mean the home of chef Peter Cho and their family, including Cho's mother, who's in the kitchen wrapping dumplings twice in their backyard. These are baked not dogs, there's a Pacific Northwest breeze. As the brunch begins to simmer—little herps of kani, salmon, sweet potatoes—you realize you've come fish less made in a restaurant. When the pork belly arrives, belated with soy and coconut put on by toward sweetness, you hope these fine folks will let you stick around all night. —4229 Northwest Twenty-fourth Avenue

Non-veg-friendly



#9

**Kitsune**  
Chicago

... Dams Rogen is one of the most curiously distinctive chefs in America, and Kitsune is her ode to Japan. That she has never visited the country could be seen as an incurable

obsession, but Rogen, who grew up in an Idaho farm, says she's never eaten anything that tastes like her, and the results (in seven egg floating in a dash of miso) are bright and flower petals, not miso with berries (and in a house of miso) are as delicious to slurp as they are lovely to Instagram. As for the service, the word that comes to mind is gentle. Kit's search for a more authentic and knowledgeable without being cheesy. Actually, forget Instagram—the room is so calm that you'll probably feel inclined to shut off your phone and leave away for a few hours. —4229 Northwest Twenty-fourth Avenue

#10

**After**  
Miami

... Can't stand feeling weird? We know. But Alex, who restaurateur Javier Buitrago brought to the trendy Wynwood district in 2015, will take you to his perspective. That's actually why they gave the place that name. Chef Brad Sjöberg knows how to keep you from getting bored and broke. He's five-course menu goes for \$66. An extra \$20 will score you his soft egg with caviar. The post-Babes. One they once wrote that "how to deal in it" if you forget the virtues of no credit and quick service. I got this quick surprise via Sjöberg's shared cable. Celine power? Mustard on? Gotta deal it? More's that great world? I thought. One bar and I was gone. I still have no idea how to write. Love's like that. —2221 Northwest Twenty-third Street



## Our FOOD EDITOR'S Favorite Things:



### 1. A Cocktail

The length of the Moon at Jambury in Seattle is a deft balance of watermelon, melon, lemon juice, and more olive from the city's new Star-dating.

### 2. A Dessert

The cream stands at Chubby in New York, all those crunchy on the outside and always sweet with lavender served on the side.

### 3. A Trend

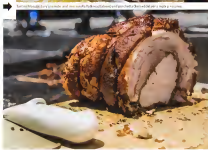
Edgewood and beyond for platters of credits served at Vies in St. Louis, the Center-Side in Vegas Valley, and the Diner in New York City —GJ





**Tartine**  
**Manufactory**  
 San Francisco

\*\*\* Tartine Manufactory centers across in the utopian cafeteria everyone should have right around the block. Whether you're craving something familiar or BLT (and a chocolate chip cookie) or something whose components lead to a group of analysts in the consensual table this way orbits occasionally in your head, what are known as "masonades" (you will come away thinking about how Alice Waters was right—the quality of ingredients really does make a difference. Seriously! It doesn't hurt that David Robert was the Pacific Coast's head of leaven, is the man behind the bread. (The women behind Manufactory, Elizabeth Priddy, has so far she's married to the guy.) But you can't miss a restaurant on bread alone. The most important part of the organ is the dad's non-ale-pudric sense for how to make human beings feel better about their day. —JRM/Albion Street


**Honorable Mention: Best New Restaurant That's Actually 99 Years Old**  
 and You Probably Can't Even Get Into: **PALIZZI SOCIAL CLUB, Philadelphia**


The nation's oldest subway hotel in America's 1st new night by a new house in South Philly. It's been around for almost a century, but earlier this year chef Joey Salata revived it, and he happens to be serving the best before American food in the country. For those who are fortunate enough to find a table, the word perfect is inevitably heard in the conversation, as in "Jesus, this spaghetti is perfect." "This Caesar salad is perfect." "This little white in perfect." "These lamb chops are perfect." "This spiced is perfect." You expect her when you pass through the door and straight into a scene from *Big Night*, but you don't expect to slide a knife into something as sublime as a single giant veal with only mild with egg yolk. The catch? You can't just show up and eat there. Technically you have to be a member, and demand is so high that Palizzi has stopped offering new membership cards. You have to know somebody. Or admit? Get yourself in Philadelphia and start making friends. —J. © 100% South Philly Street

PROMOTION

# STYLE AGENDA


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With expert advice, \$21.99



HBO's "Curb Your Enthusiasm" and Golden Globe winning comedy series Curb Your Enthusiasm, starring Larry David, returns for its 10th season on HBO on Monday, Oct. 1 at 10PM ET. The show stars "Seinfeld" on creator David to go on the top network of comedy in the world, and the best of the best in the comedy world, and you won't want to miss it.

**HBO**


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# #15

Chumley's  
New York

\*\*\* Plenty of people can do burgers. Plenty of people can do beef tartare, an entrée—hell, just this one raw fish and pour strange juice and black pepper over it. Victorio's is different. Here, a native of Chile, manages to create meals to surprise with everything he cooks. These her trout on masa-carguico (with a tomato, chutney vinaigrette), her tartare (with onions, the egg, tomato, onion, and basil) eat), her burger (sauté with bone marrow and crispy shallots, her nibble to the hole (the

recipe for which would probably take up two pages in this magazine), and it's possible you will devour the best version of that dish you have ever consumed. A respected and renowned literary progressive (agent in the West Village, Chumley's could have probably gotten away with serving modeling pub grub and weak cocktails. Instead, thanks to Blaney and restaurateur Allen (and his Burgundy), it's got the most captivating and class-inducing food and drink menu of any comparable watering hole in America. It's also got a barely in-madness, a historian named James DiPaola, who, if you wish, can ride up alongside your table and regale you with stories about the talk-show baron and his wife, whose parties have the walls. Maybe Chumley's is not as big as more than a halfway for a Scott and Zelda world (and her and her son's), it's still one of the most fun to go back to. Good besides, it's not a halfway (even as a halfway this good) — 46 Bedford Street

## Awards:



**Ignacio Matos**  
of *Blue Bar Cafe*  
*Blue Paradise and Lovers*  
in New York



**Miss Thompson**  
of *Michael's New*  
*Mania*



**Genie Kwon**  
of *Orbit in Chicago*

The best photo, like the best singer, has an instantly identifiable voice. Matos, a native of Uruguay is cooking at three different restaurants in Manhattan these days, but he did not sound like a native-born sound (marked by a perfectly balanced layer of funk and fat and spice and salt) when through at such one. More than anyone else cooking in America right now, he knows how to create a sense that you want to come back for him the second of time.

A lot of West Coast grooves have passed through the kitchen at Michael's. Jonathan Waxman, Nancy Silverton, and Greg Rose have all contributed to the evolution of California cuisine at this sea breezy landmark in recent years, however, it has felt to those who have been there that Michael is still alive. But Thompson, still at the tail end of his twenties, has brought energy back to the bustling humbles on Third Street. The room is jammed, in an age full of anti-socialism, as Thompson has done for Michael's what Quentin Tarantino once did for John Travolta.

## Does the best California wine have to come from Napa?

If you want to taste the best California wines, find Napa and head 200 miles south to JUSTIN Vineyards in Paso Robles. Exceptional from every angle.



## #16

## Asia

☛ **Wildlife Aid** at just a tiny bit of money and just try to resist dropping in. It's as though a tractor beam was aimed at the door. Daniela Rott-Heiser, overseeing the kitchen in Mexican eatery Enrique Olvera's, totally didn't follow up to Cozme, a local food that keeps hooking you back, but the space does its share of inducing, too. Avoid noise, aslembles paint-brushes the room through the high square windows, as night falls, the patio up and down Lafayette Street becomes a New York City arcade. Back around and south, you've got a front-row seat. There's a long rack of meats to try, and to sign these morsels with your passion fruit seeds. And the 60 percent markup does



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a network of chairs and  
sofa cushions

known as *tepahe*. There's thick, fresh gyoza-maki, and chicken *anchadai* yin-yang with red and green miso, and a freshberry-night fried strip of fish in a house that you'll want to visit in a month and blink with spicy, herbed cubes of cucumber. Afo serves breakfast, lunch, and dinner. I would not pass judgment on anyone for eating all three meals there consecutively.

• 127 LaGrange Street

曹敏 西康医学院 四川 康定



#17

**Viola**  
St. Louis

◆◆◆ Earlier this year, Todd Fobbes—aka, a columnist at the *Los Angeles Times*—presented a scorching attack on *“Vice”*. “We’ve been hard-pressed not to hastily condemn *Vice*’s Castro ‘grocery,’” he wrote, as if attaching a small-volume obituary of the *Grateful Dead*. “The pretentious grandeur is a metaphor for so much else that’s wrong in America.” Actually, Todd, your grocery purchases are in which wrong. *Vice* has nothing to do with the West Coast. It was dreamed up by Michael and Tom Gullino, a husband-and-wife team who met while working at *Elle* HQ at SoHo. Since in New York’s Westchester County, and since *Vice* is an art-seeing person

son of love for the bounty of the heartland. The server is as unpretentious and friendly as a shaggy dog wagging its tail. Weir shows us one of the things that's increasingly right about America. An ever-growing consciousness about where our food comes from, and how it's grown, means that experienced foodies now can look for local all over the country. Grocery  
+4360 Elvert Park Avenue

# #18

**The Charter Oak**  
St. Helena, California

●●● Look at these ribs, will you? On the menu the dish is described as "beef ribs grilled over charcoal barrels." When it comes to the table, it looks both elegant and primal, the so-called almost purple flesh marbled with delicate layers of white fat, the flesh cut on the bone so that the dish almost resembles

[illegible]

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# CRANSTON COMES ALIVE

BY  
JESSICA  
PRESSLER



↓  
Photographs  
BY  
MARC  
HOM

It's just shy of 10:00 a.m., and Bryan Cranston is telling three jokes. "Out of Detroit, the saxophone we wanted for the car scene is down," he begins from the front seat of the van that rumbles over the Triborough Bridge as it takes him between the sets of two of his many projects. It's an old comedy he he used to do back in the early eighties. "All you have to do is stare the car after it really badly pass. Like, 'The perky little Ford Nuptial.' Or..." Cranston traces past his and radio-sensationalist. "You'll feel the difference once you climb inside a Probe." The driver snorts. "The all-new Dodge Nuptial," Cranston goes on, playing to his not even a dozen. "Slip into a Nuptial and you'll never want to get out. It will drive you crazy."

The van pulls up outside a Brooklyn roadhouse and Cranston, forty-one, hops out, his sneakers hitting the ground. He drops his backpack over his shoulder and as he steps, greeting the security guard and everyone else he greets with a warm nod. "GUILLED CHILDREN" he yelps at a camera proffering a spray of red confetti. "Come on, girlfriend!"

Chewing, he studies a nearby musician, which shows two actors performing a tense scene. "He should pause a little there," he murmurs, and he is right. After all, Cranston is an actor, best known for playing the lovable dad on *Malcolm in the Middle* and the not-so-lovable dad on *Breaking Bad*. His Emmy collection is as vast as his projects

**"I HAD TO HAVE THE  
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OF PAYING YOUR  
DUES—AND MAKING THE  
MOST OF YOUR  
LATER-IN-LIFE  
BIG BREAK.**

only grade. But today he's playing the role of producer, which, like his other parts, he has infused with a kind of paternal pride. He calls the long list of projects left developed with his production company, Moonshot Entertainment, his "children," and expertly farms them by name. There's the one even drama *Sharky Prime* (the show whose set we are on), which is now entering its second season on Amazon. There's the steady comedy *The Mindy Project* for Ego, also for Amazon.

So set earlier that morning, Cranston, who has seemingly boundless reserves of energy, jovially ribbed his preteen sons. ("He's involved," he said of one fourth-eyed boy, "but he's so immature he can play too.") Then there's *Electric Dreams*, a *Black Mirror*-esque series based on the short stories of Philip K. Dick, and—well, which the other one? Cranston's gleeful brows furrow in concentration for a few seconds. Like any father of multiples, he gets crossed up from time to time. Oh, right. *Superman*, the upcoming show about aging superheroes! "I've been so busy!" he says.

"So he does, Cranston isn't complaining. Not in the way some stars three-quarters his age do, whose messy topknots and glaucous *Scotchies* indicate just how overworked and in demand they are—help, of course, released—but who also look like they might require if someone doesn't pump a dash of vitamin B12 into their veins immediately.

Nope. When Cranston, who has the densest Google calendar I've ever seen (seriously, it's almost completely red), says he's busy, he means he's *genuinely* busy. "Because I've been outside, knocking," he said, cringing to avert his face at the Crosby Street Place the day before, as juggling his knuckles in a way that caused the people next to us to jump. "And now I'm inside."

The reference is a little on the nose, as they say in Hollywood, since it was the



POWER  
SUIT FOR A  
POWER NAP

Styling: Deepa and Laila; model: Bryan Cranston; hair: Robert; makeup: David; hair: Robert; makeup: David; hair: Robert; makeup: David

Gen. White Knicker—Walter White—who brought *Grimm*’s male Grates like to life about how America and “choking” television” by using other than the usual character from him to villain over the course of five seasons. (Is the show’s creator, Vince Gilligan, still in the world? Mr. Chips to himself?) The show also changed *Grimm*’s life, transforming him, at age 40, from a Hay, It’s That Guy into a full-blown TV star. Now he’s launching a hub of a second, or third, or fourth act, as a producer, as writer, as director, as *Left in Paris*, but the best, while not too great, and I can’t believe I’m just getting to this—a man on the cusp of becoming a full-blown movie star, with two major projects coming out soon. There’s *The Gypsy* (March 5), in which *Grimm* plays a reeking quadriplegic who’s paired over by Nicole Kidman and who forces an unlikely friendship with his home health aide, Kevin Hart. The film is a remake of a 1961 black-and-white that grossed approximately a billion euros and is off of *Twelve* in time. But first there’s *Richard Linklater*’s much-anticipated *Last Day of May* (November 14), costarring Steve Carell and Laurence Fishburne. It’s not of those gritty, politically relevant ensemble pieces, and *Grimm*’s performance, as a cancer victim, yet, his Oscar nomination perfectly linking their struggles. Even old showbiz hands can’t help but be charmed. “It’s a guy who’s this journeyman character and he’s in the middle of 30, becomes a star and it still going and continues to be extremely passionate about what he does,” says Fishburne. “It’s a star, beautiful thing.”

Still, in *Grimm*’s govt. act, nothing is permanent. “We’re very level of celebrity is, it’s great for me since reason: opportunity,” he says over lunch at the hotel. “I’m very aware that I’ve been given an opportunity to tell stories, and that I have a limited time to do that. At some point, this will come, and that’s the way it should be. But for the time that I have it, I’m going to take advantage of it. I want to be fully in. I want to experience it all. I want to know what it feels like.”

A waitress counts by with a trip of semi-regular on-screen events, and *Grimm*, who declined dinner, looks up, eyes wide, asking “What?” he says, wringing up his thumb and forefinger around a tiny cone with glass. They can only live once.

**A**s *Grimm* tells it, this is what later in life someone like the unexpected but delightful fall-out comes out at the end of a road. After all, he achieved his goal, which was to make a living as an actor, a long time ago. That was

nothing his parents, who met in a Hollywood setting close to the 1950s, had failed to do. He was, Pizz, left the business early on to become a Jane Clayson-style housewife, raising *Grimm* and his two siblings in the Los Angeles suburbs. But his father, Joe, “wanted to be a star,” *Grimm* says, sounding a note of doom. Joe, like *Grimm*, was handsome, with a strong jaw and a mature vocal voice, and he did well enough in an actor. One year he even made enough money to buy the family a pool. But when his dream did not come to pass, the confidence of the pool and his marriage faded. The family drifted apart, and *Grimm*’s father died, while the latter blew up a “cooking, blasting” fight” that left *Grimm* and his siblings covering in their rooms. Eventually Joe left for another woman, after which Peggy started drinking. What remained of the family’s love for Joe’s facade crumbled into a cheap act. “It was a terrible death,” *Grimm* recalls. “From, Dad’s gone, Mom’s emotionally gone.”

Then *Grimm*, mother, and his big brother were gone, too, shipped off to a small rural town at the foot of the San Bernardino Mountains to live with their grand parents, who put them to work “back deep in chicken shit” on a neighboring egg farm. “We were like, ‘What just happened?’” *Grimm* says. As the years passed, the shock overfully displaced *Grimm*, who-back home had been popular, a good student, the star of school plays, grew introverted and started getting in trouble. He became, in one word, a loner. A loner, a lonely Pete—a drifter, a clown.

In high school, he followed his brother into a police-training program, mainly because it offered a six-week trip to Europe. This was, by some measures, transformative—on what would later become known as the

**“IF I  
LOSE FANS...  
SO BE IT.  
I’D RATHER  
BE SOMEONE  
WHO  
STANDS UP  
FOR  
SOMETHING.”**

“broader town,” *Grimm* lost his virginity to an American prostitute and foundered himself with the red-light districts in at least three European cities. But the end result was not what the police academy had in mind.

Back in the States, while waiting to take the service exam, *Grimm* and his brother decided to take a cross-country motorcycle trip, which lasted two years. Along the way, they picked up odd jobs—*Grimm* worked at a tax oil restaurant, a waiter, and a Universal Lark Church in minor, among other roles that suited his internal character. But he didn’t discover his true calling until one night during a rehearsal as a day performer in Virginia, where he had an epiphany while reading *Wilde’s* *Salome*. “I had to allow myself to get lost in order to be found,” he says of the moment he decided to become an actor. It’s a testament to *Grimm*’s almost achingly sincere, or possibly his strong skills, that words like these do not sound completely hokey coming out of his mouth. “I had to have the courage to not know what was going to happen to me, or where I was supposed to be.”

Given his father’s fate, choosing the life of an actor was a loaded decision. *Grimm* says he made a promise to himself that he would never chase stardom. “Because of what happened to him, I remember I was like, ‘You know what? I think I’d be very lucky and happy if I could just sit at a desk that I make a living as an actor. The rest is all glory.’”

*Grimm* went to work, first on a leading crew, then as a production assistant, making blood and guts into the tale of a writer of *Allegory*, a lesser Robert Ferrer film from 1980. Eventually, he landed commercial—though not the most desirable ones at first. (“Now you can release inflated basketballs during the next action of *Preppies*,” he says, grinning.) He eventually moved to one classic: *Don’t* *Grimm*’s ability, as well as his willingness to do things like talk about his influence on an actual television, soon made him a favorite of casting directors. He started getting roles such as “Clark Number Two” and “Orlando Guy” in *Perry*, he recalls. Then came characters with first names: Paulie, in 1984, he scored a character with a full name. (Craig’s *Donner*, on the New York-based soap opera *Love*. This soap phenomenon still makes *Wags* on *Grimm*’s personal list. “I felt like I’d crossed over a threshold,” he says at lunch.

Although the door had been left ajar, the flier, such as it was, wasn’t a bad place to be. Soap opera was in their heyday, and while “*Gomez* was easily the worst of the bunch,” according to his then-writer John Orlewsky, whose character was married to the same woman as *Grimm*’s brother, know-it-all either of them, naturally, the

## SOCKS APPEAL

Short and fat by Salvatore Ferragamo socks by Pambocelli.



actors were afforded a moderate level of fame. "Big was always doing those celebrity things, like guest-starring on shows like *Family Feud*," says O'Flaherty. "It was a very seductive way to live back then."

Leaving burned through platitudes and clichés so quickly that the cast referred to the soap as *Leaving*, and two years in, Cronson was fired. "I think Douglas Deaneau just disappeared," says O'Flaherty, who at that point was playing twin. As for Cronson, he kept himself afloat by doing bit parts on series including *Baywatch*, *Falcon Crest*, and *AM Stone* films. He also tried his hand at aggressive nights at the Comedy Store and the Playboy Club because, he says, it scared him. He wasn't bad—that van driver was really charming—but he didn't like the lifestyle. By then, the *Sleazy Pete* in him was gone thanks to his new passion, and the late nights interlarded with what he calls his "get-up-and-go" so he stopped. "There's no release. Nothing good happens after midnight, and I believe it," he says. "It's more drug-induced, with theft, with drinks, with bad drivers. I've just not missed."

## FoR

a **character-acting**, booker-winning, darty job-telling sleuth, Cronson can come across as surprisingly square. His character seems to take pride in it, saying that of all his characters, the one he most resembles is the father he played last year in *My Blue Heaven*. "A good guy," Cronson says. "Of course, his children, trying to do the right thing, can't believe the character around him." It's this version of Cronson who answers the door at his mother house in the San Fernando Valley a week later, wearing pajamas and looking bemused. It's again in the morning, and on his wife, Robin Dearden, explains one of the show's great lines apparently sprang a leak. "The silver-jobs," Cronson repeats in wonder. "For years, it's fine, and then all of a sudden..."

Dearden, a bright-eyed brunette in yoga pants, hands me a mug of coffee and ushers me into the living room, which is almost unrecognizably normal, decorated with family photos in frames covered in glosses like GREAT MOM. Through a window, an actual tree house is visible in the back yard. She and Cronson met in person over a 1986 episode of *Allyson*—he was a feather-haired kidnapper, she was his feather-haired hostage—and have been married for twenty-eight years, which they know is an eternity in Hollywood.

"We actually got along amazingly well," says Dearden, who looks much the same as the doll in her *Allyson* days, minus the

feathered hair. She's been acting less since they had their daughter, Taylor, and Cronson took the role of Hal on *Allyson* as the daddy. Now she is an adviser of sorts to her husband, reading his scripts and offering suggestions on his various projects. They are clearly devoted. "Robin is my partner in everything," he wrote in his memoir, "My Love."

Having a stable family life is something that is clearly important to Cronson, in part, in his eyes in his book, because it allows him to "go crazy" in his work. "But also because that wasn't stability in my family," he says. "That really scared me, at ten, when you're starting to think, Oh, I got it. Mom, Dad. That's my life," he says. "And then all of a sudden that's taken away." This is why, he thinks, he relates to characters who are "somewhat damaged," like Walter White, at *Last Flag Flying*'s Ed, who disguises his vulnerability with crass talk and bluster and hides his feelings with alcohol. "His emotional growth was stunted. For whatever reason," says Cronson. "And he's in so much pain that he's looking for as much fun as possible. In other words, he's kind of a *Sleazy Pete*."

"In many ways, I think I have used my career as a therapy session of life," Cronson continues. "It has been, I think, tremendously beneficial for me to get inside of that not-sometimes-daring, and to be able to purge my darker side into the character and have a cathartic release."

Dearden says her husband never brings his character home. His chaotic childhood, she points out, has had another unexpected benefit. "I think that's why you never worry, because the worst already happened," she says. Turning to me, she adds, "Like, he has no anxiety."

This morning, though, Cronson admits to being a bit of an edge. The night before, Donald Trump gave his speech about "many sides" being responsible for the violence in Charlottesville. Cronson was disturbed. "It's disgusting," he says, shaking his head. "There's no moral foundation to the man."

During the filming of *Last Flag Flying* in Pittsburgh during the run-up to the presidential election, Cronson and Carol West didn't do it clear, convincing for Hillary Clinton. The idea is fairly political. Richard Linklater describes it as an "echo" of Hal Ashby's *The Last Detail*, the 1975 anti-Vietnam road trip flick starring a motuished Jack Nicholson. Set in the early eighties, *Last Flag Flying* follows three Vietnam vets who resist to being home the body of one of their sons, a soldier who was killed brutally and posthumously in the Iraq War. Cronson's character delivers some of the most pointed dialogue, regularly reminding the current political environment. "When your country lies to you, it changes



WHAT LIES  
BENEATH  
Cook by **WORMS**

"I RELATE  
TO  
PEOPLE  
WHO ARE  
SOMEWHAT  
DAMAGED."

**SCOTCH ON  
THE ROCKS.  
HOLD THE RABBIT.**

Stilt by Giuseppe Arnesen; shirt by Giorgio Armani; tie by Paul Stuart.



everything," he says at one point. "The political message of the film is that elected men and women are gonna be the government." Cromwell says, "Which is not? It's not yours. It's just that you want to trust your government, and that they make moves for the right reasons."

One thing Cromwell definitely isn't worried about is getting a blowback. "It's less fun for my political stance, or because people don't like the movie, so be it," he says. "It's not for someone who stands up for something." After losing his speakers, he gets up. It's time to take the rail.

## CROMWELL

and *Deerline* like to take early-morning hikes whenever he's home. Now the sun is peeking over the hills, and he wants to get going before it burns off the fog that covers the city like a cozy blanket. "There's some thing special about early morning," Cromwell says as we walk out to the jam-packed streets that loop beyond their home. "The air is fresh, it's so quiet, only a few people, no traffic. And it's epicurean!"

Heading up the hill, we run into a few other hikers, who greet Cromwell a little more enthusiastically than one would a stranger. He'd been publicly recognizable for years pre-*Breaking Bad*, but the wave of criticism that came with the show was quiet and overwhelming. "We kept looking at each other like, 'Wow, what's going on?'" says Deerline. "We're being loved here and there."

It helped that the couple had people like Tom Hanks, whom Cromwell has known ever since he played *Back to the Future* in the 1980s, to guide them through this experience, and that Cromwell's temperamental personality kept him from falling prey to some of the temptations of celebrity, like baguette snatching or dating Elizabeth Chynoweth.

"I mean, I was *Big*. So I was already famous. Like, the city was dry."

"Cracking, actually," jokes Deerline.



**STEPPING STONES** Jacket, shirt, trousers, tie, and shoes by Bremont/John Egan/Deerline.

"Noah," he says. "I could've used a little more water."

Still, the situation was disabbling. "There is certainly an abundance of yuppies who want to use you in a way up for themselves," Craxton says matter-of-factly as we climb the hill. By the same token, he has served as a ladder for many people throughout his career. By the end of its run, *Doogie* had spawned guest appearances by numerous friends of Craxton's, including his wife, his daughter, and Robert Downey Jr. (who Craxton played Lyndon B. Johnson as *Broadway in 48* *Hours*, for which he won a Tony). He helped a friend's brother's scrum guys get out in a supporting role. Craxton's partner in Moonshot, his production company, is his former agent (James Deagan) the director of the *Beauty Pageant* episode I'd seen in *Brooklyn*; was someone he knew from a 1997 TV pilot, a *Madeline* as the *Madeline* star was brought in for *Doogie* as the *Doogie* star. Craxton even has a project in development with John O'Hurley. "I think that's my, not obligation, but responsibility, to sort of bring people along," Craxton says.

His dream is to make a movie "kinda like *The Grand Budapest Hotel*, where all the cast and crew and producers stay in one place, and not only do we make a movie during the day but we have a fantastic dinner at night."

Deagan sighs a little at this. Her husband's only real funk is "his constant need to work," she says affectionately. "I'm excited for him, but I miss the downtime. That's been the hardest, because it gets lonely. But also, we're older, so..."

Craxton laughs. "So loneliness can be mitigated with a good nap."

They're both looking forward to spending time together this fall in London, where Craxton is in the *Norwood* Theatre production of *My Darling Clementine*, an adaptation of the 1976 film. (He'll star as crazed neurosurgeon Hiram Stiles, played in the movie by Peter Finkler.)

Craxton agrees that his current pace is not sustainable in the long run. "I think I've got maybe another five or six years of what I call pushing it to the limit, then maybe twenty years of active involvement," he tells me. "After that, who knows?"

"When you hit 300, you realize, 'Oh, we've now entered the final third,'" says Deagan as we enter the top of the hill. "The final frontier is before us. And you go, 'Okay...'"

Craxton finishes the thought: "How do you want to live that?"

We've reached the summit. He looks around. "A bit anticlimactic, really," he says. "Isn't it great?" Then it's time to head down, back to work. ■



**"FOR THE TIME THAT  
I HAVE THIS OPPORTUNITY,  
I WANT TO BE  
FULLY IN.  
I WANT TO EXPERIENCE  
IT ALL."**

**MAKE THE LEAP**

Craxton's next project is the film 'The Grand Budapest Hotel' (2014), which he produced and starred in.



# THE JUSTICE LEAGUE

A GROWING NUMBER OF **NBA STARS AND COACHES** MOST PRESSING **SOCIAL ISSUES OF THE DAY**. HOW DID AN **POLITICAL ACTIVISM** BECOME THE **WOKEST**

ARE RAISING THEIR VOICES ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION THAT ONCE PUNISHED PLAYERS FOR **SPORTS LEAGUE IN AMERICA?**

↓  
BY **BRUCE**  
**SCHOENFELD**



"It is a symbol of oppression," Mahmoud Abdul Rauf said one afternoon in March 1996. "I don't think you can argue with the facts." The Nigerian guard, a recent convert to Islam, was educating the American flagstaffers at a naming ceremony in Denver's old McNichols Arena. Speaking softly, he explained that his religious beliefs did not allow him to stand during the national anthem.

For most of the season, Abdul Rauf had earned out a silent protest while the anthem was played before each game, lingering in the locker room, stretching on the floor, or remaining seated on the sidelines. But when a reporter's questions prompted him to explain his reasons, he became a symbol of oppression himself. Did Steve Kerr, the NBA's astuteistic commis-

sioner, suspended him and dressed a fine of \$10,207 per game. Abdul Rauf quickly capitulated, agreeing to stand if he could keep his head bowed and his eyes closed, but a didn't return. Soon enough he was traded to the Turkish Basketball League. The NBA's stance was clear: Professional basketball, which relied on corporate sponsors and television ratings to pay its players and generate profits for its owners, was no place for polarizing political statements.

Two decades later, in August of last year, a quarterback for the San Francisco 49ers made a similar protest. Colin Kaepernick chose to kneel during the anthem of what he called "a country that oppresses black people." Though he wasn't officially punished by the NFL, which ultimately decided that players were encouraged but not required to remain standing, the response to his gesture was firestorm. Coaches and executives around the sport spoke not in a chorus of reproaches. Older executives, such as former Oakland Raiders Ray Davis, advised Kaepernick to keep his politics private. Two recent deaths.

After the 49ers threatened to cut him at the end of the 2016 season, Kaepernick stood up at his contract. As of this writing, he remains unemployed. But his statement spread a shock inside the NBA. When teams opened ahead of last season, some of the league's best-known players were quick to weigh in. "You have the right to voice your opinion, stand for what you believe, and he's doing it on the most powerful way I've ever seen someone do anything," LeBron James said at the time. That risk was broadly endorsed around the league. Gregg Popovich, the coach of the San Antonio Spurs, mentioned Kaepernick in a team meeting. "I said, 'What's our stance on the flag?'" Popo-

vich told me recently. "We have to state: You're grown men. Do what you want."

"I mean, I see changes," James explained one afternoon the next April, when a suit was in the warrior's clubhouse at Denver's Pepsi Center, just over the highway from the site of Abdul Rauf's all-but-forgotten protest. "Able to feel like there's more than just sport." Black James is using the change, some of the league's larger personalities have been

**"I don't do it to get other people behind me or give them more courage," LeBron James says. "What I do, I do for me. If I'm knowledgeable about something and I have a passion for it, I'm going to speak up."**

moving steadily toward the frontier of action. In 2017, he and his Miami Heat teammates posted a picture on social media that showed them wearing hoodies, with their heads bowed and their hands in their pockets. It was a symbolic reminder of Trayvon Martin, who'd been gunned down by a neighborhood-watch volunteer in Florida one month earlier.

In 2014, players around the league wore "I Can't Breathe" T-shirts to mourn the loss of Eric Garner, who died after a New York City police officer put him in a chokehold. And after Freddie Gray died in police custody in Baltimore the next year, the New York Knicks' Carmelo Anthony traveled to the city and joined a street protest. James, who publicly supported Hillary Clinton's presidential campaign, took outrage at the ESPY Awards last year that urged players to speak out on issues of the moment. By then, Popovich was railing against Donald Trump.

In the words after Kaepernick's protest, some NBA players and coaches went public with their opinions. The league (mostly on fans or even opponents). At the time I spoke to James, it seemed like another voice was joining the chorus every few days. "When I asked if he considered himself responsible, he said that he wasn't trying to serve as a model. It just felt good to speak his mind. Many companies, it felt wrong not to. 'I don't do it to get other people behind me or give them more courage,'" he said. "If that happens, so be it. But what I do, I do for me. If I'm knowledgeable about something and I have a passion for it, I'm going to speak up."

So will Stephen Curry, at the Golden State Warriors, the league's second biggest star. The past February, Kevin Durant, the CEO of the sport's big-money company, Golden State, which pays Curry a annual million dollars a year, described Trump as

an "ass." To America, Curry said that he agreed with the description "if you remove the 'I.'" It was many years in a response to Curry, Pank bought a full-page newspaper advertisement in which he said that his previous choice of words "did not accurately reflect" his intent.

The next column was an astonishing reversal. It had always been assumed that so overtly political statements by a player, especially one as personally disliking as Curry's, would have his own reputation, and maybe the league's, along with it. Instead, here was Under America doing damage control, even as Curry gained respect for his conduct. For the first time, it seemed, NBA players could be confident that they wouldn't be punished for expressing and acting on their beliefs.

Even in the wake of the recent protests against white supremacists in Charlottesville, some players won't go on the record about anything more controversial than Drake versus Kendrick Lamar. But an increasing number are coming to see political engagement as something approaching a responsibility. "Please look up to us," explains Bradley Beal, who, at twenty-four, is an emerging star for the Washington Wizards.



**TOP RIGHT** In a suit, Mike Tyson made a point. **TOP RIGHT** In a suit, Mike Tyson made a point. **TOP RIGHT** In a suit, Mike Tyson made a point. **TOP RIGHT** In a suit, Mike Tyson made a point.



urly. "That's where the obligation comes in. It's going back to the community by voting your opinion. Standing behind what's right for the country. As players, we have a huge platform, and I think we've got to utilize it to the best of our ability."

The isolated stories of James and others have cascaded into something that looks a lot like the start of a movement. It is happening now for reasons that aren't difficult to understand. The reach of Twitter and Snapchat allows celebrities to be easily heard in their own voices. The erosion of credibility suffered by both elected officials and the media has created space for others to wield influence. And contracts in recent of \$100 million for the league's biggest stars (such as Russell Westbrook) and so what they want.

But what makes this legitimacy especially remarkable is that the existing power structure is helping to facilitate it. As letters from other players after approach. Adam Silver, the current NBA commissioner, to say that they wish they played in his league. And this past September, Silver met Michael Roberts, the executive director of the players' association, encouraged the league's athletes to take a stand. "Carnival causes that reflect our society also reflect you directly," they wrote in a letter. "You have real power to make a difference."

With that caution, it's hard not to wonder how far players and coaches are willing to go. When I asked Beal about that recently, his answer was immediate. "You know what? I think we could possibly run America."

## THE

less their sports really mattered in any contemporary sense was the 1960s. Mahmoud Ali was the



first athlete to use his platform to express outrage on a national scale, with outside attention from the broadcaster Howard Cosell. At the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City, sprinters James Curtis and Thomas Smith each missed a fall on the medal stand. George Foreman won a gold. But in the middle of Wilfredo Gómez to protest the war in Vietnam. "Sports presented space for America to have some of its most difficult conversations," says Amy Tan, the author of *War and the Thoughtful Art of Struggle*, a book about sports in the Mexican City Olympics.

By circling himself a conversation about race and religious education into the arena. All came to embody the nation's effort. When he returned to the ring in 1970 following a three-year ban, he was, in the eyes of many, boxing for an end to the bombing in Vietnam, the end of the draft, and the reversal of a foreign policy that sought to impose America will abroad. Today, he's remembered as a hero. At the time, though, at least half the country saw him as a symbol of the lawlessness of the rising second order. He was a Negro boxer with a flag mouth who really ought to just shut up.

The athletes were the ones who made the library books. But for black athletes, in particular, whether to see their black sports provided for a higher purpose was a question with no easy answer. For every Curtis or Smith who took advantage of the status to protest change, there were boxers who kept quiet, collected a paycheck, and took advantage of the respect of the white world to move up in society. O. J. Simpson, which left behind his childhood in San Francisco's Pizzaro Hill project, was the Houston Tex-

play in America's best college football player a prize after Ali refused to serve in Vietnam. Rather than give the statue to push a political agenda, he sought a place in the white establishment. "It's not blacky pin G-3," he reportedly told friends.

In the decades that followed, as sports contracts and salaries became increasingly lucrative, the fear of doing something that might alienate sponsors became a strong disincentive for would-be agitators. "When I was playing, we'd talk about it in private, but publicly it was frowned upon," says James Worthy, who spent twelve years in the NBA. "You were just afraid of what might happen to you. A player in the caplane was only making \$200,000, \$300,000, so you didn't want a team to look at you like you were a bad apple. It felt like you'd better be quiet or you'd be looked off the plantation. I hate to say it that way, but that's what it was like." In 1993, at the height of his fame, the Phoenix Suns' Charles Barkley summed up much thinking in the NBA at large. "I'm not paid to be a role model," he said.

That attitude was generated by Michael Jordan, the sport's best player. In 1990, Thursday Gantt ran for the U.S. Senate against the fiercely reactionary Jesse Helms in Jordan's home state of North Carolina. An African-American who'd studied at MIT, Gantt had served as the mayor of Charlotte. During that race, the state's black community lashed Jordan to competing for Gantt's vote or threat to endorse him. Jordan refused. There is no definition record of him saying "Republican buy sneakers, too," a quote that has been attributed to him, but it might even have been his motto. "His political views were colorblind," says Steve Schmidt, the Republican strategist and political consultant who managed John McCain's presidential campaign in 2008. "His public image was tied to the basketball court."

Jordan contributed to racial equality by recruiting black athletes to successful basketball franchises. Between his NBA-record salary and the hundreds of millions he made off the court, he would become the wealthiest athlete ever, rich enough to buy his own team. "Michael was saying, 'I'm a power-broker, genius corporate businessman and I'm going to show you something,'" says Worthy, who played alongside Jordan at the University of North Carolina. "But I'm not sure it was a way that was necessarily available to other athletes."

If Jordan wasn't willing to register, why should anyone else? With a few notable exceptions—Abdul-Ra'uf's first season, an alternate jersey in 2003 to protest *Amos 'n' Andy* caricatures—harkens—where they did, Jordan was the model for a few athletes. Everyone wanted to be like Mike.

## ONE

morning in April 2014, Adam Silver presided over a press conference at the New York Hilton and doing what a sports league had previously held. Silver had replaced David Stern as the NBA commissioner that winter. He'd enjoyed a honeymoon of about two months before the league's long on-ice war over perpetuated a crisis.

Donald Sterling, which bought the L.A. Clippers, more than three decades earlier, had been caught on tape representing his girlfriend for photos of himself with a black man, who happened to be Magic Johnson. Berling bowed her for publicity, but she wasn't with him. Johnson, who was a pioneer in the NBA, said he was not sleeping with him, you can bring them in, you can do whatever you want. The little I said, ... not to bring them to my game." Once Silver had scrubbed the tape's authenticity, he spoke a worded warning: players, owners, and sponsors. Many of them advised a moderate approach. So Sterling decided, perhaps. Quietly encourage him to explore selling the team.

Silver was having none of it. Standing at a lectern in the Hilton, he announced that he was banning Sterling for life, something no commissioner in the history of American sports had done to an owner. Reports later surfaced that the Warriors had planned to stage a walkout before a play-off game against the Clippers if they didn't reinstate Silver's owner banishment, and it's likely that other teams would have responded similarly. Still, with a single act of either leniency or corporate irresponsibility, depending on how you read it, Silver served notice that the NBA had changed. "Michaelson has been a lawsuit up here," he says now. "It wasn't that I was indifferent to any corporate backlash. It was more about what I felt the NBA stood for."

Around the league, players and coaches felt liberated. That December, instant replay wearing the "It Can't Be That" shirts while wearing up before games, had importance while sitting on the bench. Like Abdul-Ra'uf's protest, this was a blatant violation of NBA rules, which require a standard suit and tie. The club Silver in office perceived as representing the structure of the sport. In the abstract, he answers to the owners, who hire and fire the league's commissioner. Silver says that some of the owners were strongly in favor of disciplining player. He wasn't. "I was proud of them for taking a stand," he says.

Stern, too, had been a staunch liberal. But when he took control of the NBA in 1984, the



TOP: Lyle Fegredo, who took a little time to get used to his new job as commissioner. BOTTOM: Silver, who took a little time to get used to his new job as commissioner. OPPOSITE: John Carlos and Tommie Smith at the 1968 Mexico City Olympics

the league had the will to do it. In those recent days of cable television, many CBS affiliates broadcast the play-off on tape delay, after the late news. Stern guided the sport to ailing financial prosperity, yet he never felt comfortable that it was more than one general year from disaster. "I understood the league as a very different beast," Silver told me.

Like everyone else, NBA players now get streams of information at a pace that would have been hard to imagine even a decade ago. "We have these images of athletes around the country that you can literally pull out and use on your phone," Silver told me, the coach of the Warriors. "And you've got this presidential campaign going on with all these athletes. It's all right there for you to see, on a minute, by minute basis."

The increased exposure of even marginal players allows sponsors to be exposed without fear of a backlash. The average NBA player salary has jumped to \$3.5 million, from around \$220,000 in 1984. Adjusted for inflation, it's the highest salary in any professional sport. "I remember how everyone wanted about offending Nike," Worthy says of his time in

the NBA. "But these days, it's flipped the other way. Under Armour wouldn't dare go against Steph Curry and his shoes. Big shoes carry more weight than my company."

If any team would mean insurance from backlash, it's Curry's Warriors. They play in the Bay Area, one of the country's most liberal regions. Their market

includes the solidly Democratic Silicon Valley, according to one report, the largest tech company contributed only three to six seats to Clinton as they did to Trump. And like nearly all NBA teams, the Warriors' roster is fairly full of color. "I'm very firmly team toward a player who has hardcore conservative to the point where there were political arguments," Silver told me.

Yet the Warriors' majority owner, venture capitalist Joe Lacob, quietly supported Trump, as did many other rich white guys around the league. "I'm very sensitive to the fact that I'm representing an organization where maybe not everybody shares my beliefs," Silver says. "I don't want to go overboard. I want people to understand that I'm speaking from my own personal background, but that's a blurry line, because I speak for the Warriors every day about basketball. I'm one of the faces of the organization."

Silver consciously tries to measure players, but he considers equal partners, that he is sympathetic to their concerns. "My

job as a commissioner is not to be a political person," he says. "I recognize this. There's a great deal of trust in the commissioner to cross. And I may have caused it in certain situations that may not have been apparent to me at the time. But in the end, I don't think we have an option. Whether it's a sports league or a business product or company, on this day and age, you are required to take a stand. It's what your customers expect of you. It's what fans expect."

In the summer of 2014, Silver took another stand. A group of employees at the NBA, which also governs the WNBA, decided to participate in New York's Pride Parade. They took a bus representing both leagues with their own money and asked the commissioner to ride on it. "I was thinking about it in a much more practical way," Silver says. "It was an internal decision, it seemed like an individual decision, not an NBA decision."

That's nonsense, of course. Silver's participation was instantly recognized as the political act that it was. "It was representative of the values of the league," he says now. "And those values include tolerance."

As the first advanced draft with Atlanta, it happened to be spotted by a black football coach from Texas, of all places, who was visiting Manhattan during his vacation. "I was just standing somewhere, and here comes this parade," Greig Popovich says.

**"I remember how everyone worried about offending Nike," James Worthy says of his time in the NBA. "But these days, it's flipped the other way. Under Armour wouldn't dare go against Steph Curry and his values. Superstars carry more weight than any company."**

"I did a double take. It was Adam! On top of this! I wanted to jump on the floor and hug the guy. Looking back on it now, I think that when I saw Adam do that, subconsciously I felt enabled. I was so proud to be part of the NBA, and doing everything started happening."

## ON

a spring evening at the AT&T Center earlier this year, just east of downtown San Antonio, Popovich was half to four years. The media had been herded out of the clubhouse, where Spurs players were busy preparing for a game against L.A. Lakers that would, they hoped, get them a step closer to a top seed in the coming playoffs. Down in

entrance, Popovich, who has won five NBA championships, was one of the few people who could get in. He was talking about Donald Trump.

"It was a long progression," Popovich explained. "First, he tried to ban the parade and then he tried to ban the parade, for so many reasons. He's clever in that sense because he's a career banker, a salesman. He knew he was developing a team. He knew there were a stream of people who were going to go for that sort of thing, and he knew it wasn't true. I said that there that he can get a lot of people who aren't that liberalized really moved. And then he lost rational coming."

Nobody involved with the NBA has been as outspoken as Popovich. It is instructive to remember that he has a military background. He was team captain and leading scorer at the Air Force Academy, and he later coached there. Popovich is a black, his wife's brother was a professional basketball player in modern American history. Popovich has served events for the Spurs with Gerald Weir, the activist and Harvard professor, as well as Barry Schick, one of O.J.'s lawyers and the cofounder of the Innocence Project. One day, he assembled his players to screen an Internet TV documentary. "There are coming down," he recalls. "And I say, 'Boys, you play basketball. You know how important basketball is to Zippo. It's your job. You make money. Put it on the back. Take care of your family. But there's a f---in' world out there, and you've got to understand where we live.'"

The Spurs have employed as many as nine players at a time who were born outside the United States. Sometimes Popovich asks them to share their experiences. "You talk to Tony Parker about what's happening on the outskirts of Paris, where the Muslims are from their disestablishment," he says about his French point guard. "Pau is from Guadeloupe, he says, 'You hear about what happened in Agincourt when thousands of people were thrown. We're always down. It's not just done in a house.'"

Until Trump. As the presidential campaign, in all its ignominity, was coming to an end, Popovich realized that his words could no longer be contained. "When I'm on the line of people who voted for him," he says, "the more that some of us stand up and say things, the more that some of them will smile upon themselves and say, 'I'm not on page 100.'"



[illegible]

For more information see page  
C26. Produced on by Times Motion for  
its related Product line.



# House of Pain

You're aware **America** is under siege, fighting an **opioid epidemic** that has exploded into a public-health emergency. You've heard of **OxyContin**, the pain medication to which countless patients have become addicted. ¶ But do you know that the company that makes **Oxy** and reaps the billions of dollars in profits it generates is owned by one secretive family? ¶ Meet the **Sacklers**.

By Christopher Glazek

NDC 590111-430-10

**30** MG

One Hundred Tablets

**OXYCONTIN**®

Take **ONLY** as prescribed

Purdue Pharma L.P.  
Stamford, Connecticut

In case of emergency,  
dial **911** immediately

**Rx** only

Keep Out of Reach of Children. Read accompanying prescribing literature. Swallow tablets whole. Do not cut, break, chew, crush, or dissolve. Dispense in a light, light-resistant container. Store at 25°C (77°F); excursions permitted between 15°-30°C (59°-86°F). / 100

the Sackler Institutes in Cornell, Columbia, McGill, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Harvard, and King's College London under psycho-biology, with an emphasis on early child brain development.

The Sackler's philanthropy differs from that of civic pillars like Andrew Carnegie, who built hundreds of libraries in small towns, and Bill Gates, whose foundation ministers to global issues. Instead, the family has devoted its fortune to blue chip brands, lending the family name into the partnership network of the world's most prestigious, well-endowed institutions. The Sackler name is everywhere, evoking automatic reverence: the Sackler's the nation, however, not early on.

The descendants of Mortimer and Raymond Sackler, a pair of prominent brothers from Brooklyn, are members of a billionaire clan with houses scattered across Connecticut, London, Utah, Grand, the Neptunes, and, especially, New York City. It was not until 2013 that they were united by *Forbes*, which added them to the list of America's richest families. The magazine reported their wealth, shared among twenty heirs, at a conservative \$14 billion. (Descendants of Arthur Sackler, Mortimer and Raymond's older brother, split off decades ago and are more multi-millionaires.) To a remarkable degree, those who share in the fortune appear to have shied by an inch or several. Never content publicly on the status of the family's wealth.

That may be because the greatest part of that \$14 billion fortune, tailored by *Forbes* out of OxyContin, the addictive painkiller regarded by many public-health experts as among the most dangerous products ever sold as a mass sale. Since 1996, when the drug was brought to market by Purdue Pharma, the American branch of the Sackler's pharmaceutical empire, more than two hundred thousand people in the United States have died from over-

doses of OxyContin and other prescription painkillers. Thousands more have died after slipping on a prescription opioid and then, continuing on a drug with a shorter action period, such as heroin. Not all of these deaths are related to OxyContin—dozens of other painkillers, including generics, have flooded the market in the past thirty years. More relatives, Purdue Pharma was the first to achieve a dominant share of the market for long-acting opioids, accounting for more than half of prescriptions by 2003.

According to the figures for Purdue Central, fifty-three thousand Americans died from opioid overdoses in 2016, more than the thirty-six thousand who died in car crashes in 2015 or the thirty-five thousand who died from gun violence that past. This past July, Donald Trump's Commission Combating Opioid Addiction and the Opioid Crisis led by New Jersey governor Chris Christie, declared that opioids were killing roughly 142 Americans each day, a tally widely derided as "September 11th every three weeks." The epidemic has also exacted a crushing financial toll. According to a study published by the American Public Health Association, using data from 2013—before the epidemic escalated to current, more virulent phases—the total economic burden from opioids rose stood at about \$80 billion, adding together health costs, criminal-justice costs, and GDP loss from drug-dependent Americans leaving the workforce. Tobacco, by far, by a significant margin, the country's most lethal product, responsible for some 460,000 deaths per year. But although billions have been made from tobacco, cars, and firearms, it's not clear that any of those empires has generated a family fortune like

a single product that approaches the Sackler's haul from OxyContin.

Even so, hardly anyone associates the Sackler name with the company's best blockbuster drug. "The Purds, Howards, Richards, Johnsons—all these families put their name on their product because they were proud," said Keith Humphreys, a professor of psychiatry at Stanford University School of Medicine who has written extensively about the opioid crisis. "The Sacklers have hidden their connection to their product. They don't call it Sackler Pharma. They don't use their public Sackler gift." And when they're questioned, they say, "Well, it's a privately held firm, we're a family, we'd like to keep our privacy, you understand."

To the extent that the Sacklers have cultivated a reputation, it's for being eminent leaders, politicians, scientists, and philanthropists. To the extent that the Sacklers have cultivated a reputation, it's for being eminent leaders, politicians, scientists, and philanthropists. To the extent that the Sacklers have cultivated a reputation, it's for being eminent leaders, politicians, scientists, and philanthropists.

**If** you head north on I-95 through Bedford, Connecticut, you will find, on the left, a giant anemone-like plant. Along the building's top edge, white lettering spells out ONLY ATTACHED FORMER. No markings visible from the highway indicate the presence of the building's owner and chief occupant, Purdue Pharma.

Originally known as Purdue Brothers, the first division of the company was founded in 1892 on New York's Lower East Side in a peddler of patent machines. For decades, it sustained itself with sales of Oxy's Glycyrrhizic, a cherry-based liquid of "throat applications" marketed as a remedy for everything from anorexia to tuberculosis. The company was purchased in 1952 by Arthur Sackler, thirty-nine, and was run by his brother, Mortimer, thirty-six, and Raymond, thirty-two. The Sackler brothers came from a family of Jewish immigrants in Flatbush, Brooklyn. Arthur was a bookkeeper and anbe-

liever, providing, setting the tone—and often closing the gate—for his younger brothers. After attending medical school on Arthur's dime, Mortimer and Raymond followed him to job in the Cardiovascular Institute in Queens. There, they conducted more than two hundred studies on the biochemical roots of mental illness. The brothers' research was promising—they were among the first to identify a link between psychosis and the hormone corticosteroid—but their findings were mostly ignored by their professional peers, who, in keeping with the era, favored a Freudian model of mental illness.

## The Sacklers have been millionaires for decades, but their real money—the money from painkillers—is of a relatively recent vintage.

Consistent with his psychiatric work, Arthur Sackler made his name in pharmaceutical advertising, which at the time consisted almost exclusively of pitches from an so-called "detail men" who sold drugs to doctors door-to-door. Arthur wanted that print ads to medical journals could have a revolutionary effect on pharmaceutical sales, especially given the buzz surrounding the "miracle drug" of the 1950s—steroids, sedatives, anti-inflammatories, and psychotropics. In 1952, the same year that he and his brother acquired Purdue, Arthur became the first addict to advertise. The *Journal of the American Medical Association*, the medical profession's most august publication, included a color advertisement for Valium.

In the 1960s, Arthur was convinced by Roche to develop an advertising strategy for a new anxiolytic medication called Valium. The posed a challenge, because the effects of the medication were nearly undetectable from those of Valium, another Roche medication that was already on the market. Arthur directed Valium to be judiciously belated in its range of indications. Valium was sold as a treatment for general anxiety, but Valium was positioned as an elixir for a problem Arthur described as "psychic tension." According to his ads, psychic tension, the harbinger of the 1950s "anxiety," was the secret culprit behind a host of somatic conditions, including heartburn, gastrointestinal issues, insomnia, and vertigo. The campaign was such a success that for a time Valium became

America's most widely prescribed medicine—the first to reach more than \$100 million in sales. Arthur, whose compensation depended on the volume of pills sold, was richly rewarded, and he later became one of the first doctors into the Medical Advertising Hall of Fame.

As Arthur's fortune grew, he turned his acquisitive instincts to the art market, quickly amassing the world's largest private collection of ancient Chinese artifacts. According to a memoir by Mortimer, Louis, his second wife, collecting, like buying, owning, and donating art, Arthur's "virtually necessary for prestige and recognition."

Reverend in first, collecting soon became a means that took over his life. "Flashes of artifacts of tremendous value piled up in numerous storage locations," he wrote. "There was not much to open, too much to represent, some objects known only by a packing list." Under an avalanche of "visual images and vapors, weeps and emotions, inscribed bones and ancient plaques," their lives were "often in a flash." "Addiction is a curse," Louis noted, "be it drugs, women, or collecting."

When Arthur donated his art and money to museums, he often imposed narrow terms. According to a memoir written by Thomas Hoving, the director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art from 1960 to 1997, when Arthur established the Sackler Gallery at the Metropolitan Museum of Art to house Chinese antiquities, in 1963, he requested the museum to collaborate on a hypocaust to advance measures. In accordance with the scheme, the Museum first sold Arthur a large quantity of ancient artifacts at the deflated 1950s prices for which they had originally been acquired. Arthur then donated back the artifacts at 1960s prices, so the gesture taking a tax deduction as hefty that it likely exceeded the value of his initial donation. Three years later, in connection with another donation, Arthur negotiated an even more unusual arrangement. This time, the Met agreed a secret deal to share the museum's auctioneers to provide Arthur with low storage for more than two thousand objects from his private collection, including his of the substat-



Arthur Sackler

## THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE SACKLER EMPIRE

Over the last half century, the Sacklers have donated **hundreds of millions of dollars. Their name is on everything from a rose\* to an asteroid.\*\* Here, a partial list of their beneficiaries.**

### A ARTS &

- The Metropolitan Museum of Art
- The Guggenheim
- The American Museum of Natural History, New York
- Harvard University
- The Smithsonian Institution
- Goodenow Center for the Arts
- The Royal Academy of Arts, London
- The Louvre
- The Sir Harold Sackler Library, London
- The National Library of Medicine, London
- The Royal College of Art, London
- The Museum of London
- The D&A
- Shakespeare's Globe Theatre
- The Royal Ballet School, London
- The Royal Opera House, London
- Oxford Picture Gallery, London
- Tate
- Tate Modern

- The British Museum
- Westminster Abbey
- Cambridge University
- The National Gallery of Scotland
- The Jewish Museum, Berlin
- Oxford University
- The Royal Botanic Gardens, London
- Victoria and Albert Museum
- Peking University



\*HARRISON PICTURES PURCHASED AT A CHARITY AUCTION IN 2002  
\*\*THE SACKLER FOUNDATION IN HONOR OF HER HUSBAND, MORITZ

### A SCIENCES &

- The New York Academy of Sciences
- New York University
- Dana-Farber Cancer Institute
- Boston
- Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, New York
- The American Museum of Natural History, New York
- Rutgers University
- Princeton University
- Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton
- Yale University
- Boston University
- Tufts University
- Harvard University
- Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts
- University of Toledo
- The Mayo Clinic
- University of Texas
- Stanford University
- California Institute of Technology
- Rockefeller University, New York
- Weill Cornell Medical College, New York
- The National Academy of Sciences, Washington, D.C.
- Massachusetts Institute of Technology
- University of Washington
- University of Connecticut
- Columbia University
- University of California, Berkeley



• The Royal Society, London
- University of Edinburgh
- University of Glasgow
- University of Bristol
- King's College London
- University College London
- The Royal Society, London
- Reading University
- Reading, England
- Cambridge University
- The Academy of Medical Sciences
- Imperial College London
- Science Foundation, France
- Tel Aviv University
- McGill University, Montreal
- University of Toronto



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- Imperial College London
- Science Foundation, France
- Tel Aviv University
- McGill University, Montreal
- University of Toronto

### KEY

U.S.A. | Europe | Other

donor for the designer Valentia, which Arthur called "dyslexia." According to Met chronicler Michael Gross, he was also drawn to a covered table of ivory, a board seat (John Sackler said it was Arthur who regaled the board seat, after repeated offers by the museum.) In 1963, in a bad breakup with the Met, Arthur donated the best parts of his collection, plus \$4 million, to the Smithsonian in Washington, D.C.

## Arthur's

passage between Mortimer and Raymond, looked as much alike then when they worked together at Greenhouse, they looked the same by pretending to be one another. Their physical similarities did not extend to their personalities, however. Tage Moore, Purdue's vice president at the time of research from 2006 to 2008, described them as "like dry and night." Mortimer and Moore, who "wasn't even a 'world class' I would not call it," he said, a reputation as a big spender, transatlantic playboy, living most of the year in a house in England, Switzerland, and France. In 1974, he renounced his U.S. citizenship to become a citizen of Austria, which infuriated his political aide (brother). Like Arthur, Mortimer became a major museum donor and donated three times over the course of his life.

Mortimer had his own feud with the Met. On his arrival with his wife, in 1985, the museum agreed to make the Temple of Doerflinger available to host a party but refused to allow him to redecorate the ancient shrine. Together with other improvements, Mortimer and his exterior designer (from Europe, but based in L.A.) upped the temple by adding extra pillars. Also going to Mortimer was the role of naming rights for one of the Backler Wing's balconies in a dinner from Japan. "They sold it to me," Mortimer fumed in a reporter from New York magazine.

Raymond, the youngest brother, cut a different figure—a family man, said Moore. "Klaid and mild mannered," he stayed with the name woman his entire life. Later excluded that Raymond owned his comparatively serene nature to having missed the worst years of the Depression. "He had numerous vicarities in camp, which Arthur never had," he wrote. "The feeling of the two older brothers about the youngest was, 'Let the kid enjoy himself!'"



Arthur and Mortimer Sackler

Raymond had Pacific Park risk as to pay royalties for several decades, while Mortimer led Napp Pharmaceuticals, the family's drug company in the U.S. In practice, a family company person said, "the brothers worked closely together, adding both companies." Arthur, the adman, had an official role in the family's pharmaceutical operation. According to Henry Moore's Pure Killing a personal account of the rise of OxyContin published in 2004, Raymond and Mortimer bought Arthur's share in Purdue from his estate for \$22.4 million after he died in 1987. In an email exchange, Arthur's daughter Elizabeth Sackler, a historian of feminism who sits on the board of the Backler Museum and supports a variety of programs, expressed her disapproval of the family's financial success.

"Neither I, nor my siblings, nor my children have ever had ownership in or any financial relationship with Purdue Pharma or OxyContin," she wrote, while also praising "the breadth of my father's brilliant and important work." Billie, Arthur's widow, said her husband had died too soon. "His career had gotten the last word."

## The

Sacklers have been indicted for their role in the rise of OxyContin, the family's drug company in the U.S. In practice, a family company person said, "the brothers worked closely together, adding both companies." Arthur, the adman, had an official role in the family's pharmaceutical operation. According to Henry Moore's Pure Killing a personal account of the rise of OxyContin published in 2004, Raymond and Mortimer bought Arthur's share in Purdue from his estate for \$22.4 million after he died in 1987. In an email exchange, Arthur's daughter Elizabeth Sackler, a historian of feminism who sits on the board of the Backler Museum and supports a variety of programs, expressed her disapproval of the family's financial success.

MS Gross quickly became the gold standard for pain relief in cancer care. At the same time, a number of lawsuits surfaced with the

history in Raymond and Mortimer's case, in opioid— and making it as a case for a nationwide epidemic.

In the years before it swamped into the pain management business, Purdue had been a small industry player, specializing in over-the-counter medicines like its now famous and famous. Its most successful product, acquired in 1966, was Brinton, a powerful antibiotic purchased in industrial quantities by the U.S. government to prevent infections among wounded soldiers in Vietnam.

The turning point, according to company lore, came in 1972, when a London doctor working for Glaxo SmithKline, the Florence Nightingale of the modern biopharmaceutical industry, approached Purdue with the idea of creating a novel release morphine pill. A

## As OxyContin dwindles in the U.S., its markets abroad are expanding.

long-acting morphine pill, the doctor now said, would allow drug users to use it to sleep through the night without pain. At the time, most major pain opioids were injected into the United States, owing in part to a heroin epidemic fueled by converting Vietnam veterans. "Dysphagia," as it came to be called, prevented British doctors from treating most patients, including nearly all infants, with strong pain medication of any kind. In longer-term, though, addiction was not a concern. It didn't matter whether terminal patients became hooked in their final days. Over the course of the mission, building on a slow release mechanism, the company had already developed for an entire collection, Napp created what came to be known as the "Contin" system. In 1981, Napp introduced a third-release morphine pill in the U.S. six years later, Purdue brought the same drug to market in the U.S. as MS Contin.

MS Contin quickly became the gold standard for pain relief in cancer care. At the same time, a number of lawsuits surfaced with the

trial leaders of five prominent and other insurance cases. On an email exchange, John Sackler, Arthur's third wife, called Henry's an election story. "I'm not!" She also noted that New York's attorney general conducted an investigation into Arthur's dealings with the Met and closed him of hereditary.

In 1979, when Arthur and his brothers made a huge gift to the Met—\$3.5 million, to erect the Temple of Doerflinger—they stipulated that all museum signage, including names, and business referring to objects in the newly opened Backler Wing had to include the name of all three brothers, each followed by "M.D." (One museum

official quipped, "All that was missing was a case of their office hours.")

Having said that the Met hoped that Arthur would eventually donate his collection to the museum, but over time Arthur grew disgruntled over a series of robbing rights. For one, the Temple of Doerflinger was being razed out for garages, including a



Arthur and Mortimer Sackler



# BEAL

PRESENTED BY  
**OLIVIA MALONE**

MEET THE AUSSIE  
UP-AND-COMER PLAYING THE  
PSYCH STUDENT (AND  
**BONDAGE** ENTHUSIAST)  
WHO INSPIRED  
**WONDER WOMAN**

BY **EMILY  
POENISCH**

*Beal by Olivia Malone is inspired by Wayne Shorter*





This past summer, *Wonder Woman* stormed the global box office, breaking more than \$800 million worldwide. Here was proof that a superheroine could play just as hard as the boys. But for fans who have only recently gotten to know the character, Professor Marston and the *Wonder Women* (out now) might come as a bit of a shock. The film introduces the real-life inspirations behind the feminist icon, namely the two women who were in a polyamorous relationship with William Moulton Marston (Luke Evans), the Harvard psychologist who created the comic-book character. The women in question, Marston's smart-as-a-whip wife, Elizabeth (Rebecca Hall), and his former student Olive (played with beautiful complexity by Bella Heathcote), were his lovers, partners, and muses. "When I read the script, I was really rooting for this relation-ship," Heathcote says. "We think there's a stigma over, but imagine what they must have gone through back then." A movie period piece this is not; rather, it's an impetuous love story that happens to include a side of sparring, role playing, and headbanging. *Wonder Woman's* affinity for rage work certainly takes on a whole new meaning.

A different actress might have balked at the adult nature of the material, but Heathcote, a 30-year-old Australian who maintains a candid no-nonsense hardness, didn't blink twice. "It never once occurred to me to have trepidation based on that," she says. Is the wrong female, the story could have easily been reduced to voyeuristic titillation, but writer-director Angela Robinson has crafted a deeply human tale, one of courage in the face of prejudice and conviction in the face of doubt. Robinson, who cut her teeth on bold, progressive tele-



vision (The *A Book of Boba Fett*, *Ally*), kept the movie loud while shedding what might otherwise have been some very awkward monologues. "She made the sex scenes

really fun," enthuses Heathcote. "I never thought I'd say that about a sex scene in my life, because usually they're some special kind of torture." Heathcote left Melbourne in 2016, moving to Los Angeles soon after winning the *Hearts of Lions* scholarship, which is awarded to emerging Australian talent. Since then, the actress has

granted toward some pretty dark films, including last year's *The New Green*, in which she played a cannibalistic supermodel, and the Amazon series *The Boys in the Girls' Country*, set in a fascist dystopia. "The roles are just more interesting than the girl next door as the love interest," she says. "I got into acting because it was safe space to explore those parts of myself."

Given *Wonder Woman's* return to cultural prominence (and the current political landscape), Professor Marston's conviction that women, not men, really might run the world will no

denied by Robinson, co-writer by Garrett Light California. Optioned by Amazon Studios and set up by Angela Aker, the movie is produced by Mays Brown. Screenplay by David Gordon. Current card game master by Dan Lee.

The page  
Directed by John Johnson

Photographed on  
and set at the Sunset Tower Hotel  
with Hollywood's top stars



# PoX AMERICANA



RANTING IN THE RUST BELT  
WITH THE DJT  
PERPETUAL-VALIDATION MACHINE

BY *Martin Amis*

When the young *Blowhard* left St. Petersburg after his four-year stint at the French embassy, he had the following verdict engraved on a napkin: A. RUSHEE, C'EST LE N'EST. Bizarre, adrenergic, and finally uncovered, the current nationality was "tooth expert," a ruse, a void. Donald Trump is a clown. There's nothing there. No chance, no honor, no conscience, no knowledge, no values, no documents, no imagination, no wit, no grip, and no cast. But this apologetically angry word, *critique*, Americans continue to pour their rage, their resentments, their traditions, and their hopes. How can it die?

In midsummer, I journeyed from Manhattan to Washington, Ohio, to see the process in action at a rally held, or thrown (no entrance fee), by the U.S. president. Would I find it here among my fellow attendees? On the way, I silently rehearsed the Barry MacInnes Law, as promulgated by the post-erotic Glee James: Everyone you know thinks Barry MacInnes is absolutely terrible but everyone you don't know thinks he's great. The Gleeville Centre had attained its full capacity, seventy-five hundred. And there I stood, surrounded by everyone I didn't know.

And there stood Donald Trump, fifty yards away, clapping his hands as he greeted the audience, and ransacking through his repertoire of false smiles. False smiles are the only kind of smiles at his command, because whatever "house of humor" he might once have had claim to has long since evaporated, together with its frustrated twin—humor of pain.

There are only three false smiles the golf pro-am, revealing the golf champ with, the one in which he burs down on his necked-in knee lip that can't smile as much as an imitation of a regular golfer and, arguably the most dreadful of all, the far owner of Deponation

banister that widens our slanters from ear to ear, like a comic mask. The eyes, meanwhile, remain eerily unsmiling.

Yes, and Eric and Lara were there, and Rick Perry was there, and Anthony Scaramucci was there (quoting by his network form, you could ring for the March on the banks of a high end globe agency, along with Don [it], and Melania was there, Trump's wife, Melania Knavas. My wife, a late discoverer of body language, says there's no doubt at all that Melania loves Donald's gaze. So maybe POTUS brings FLATTEN along to get a kiss and a hug and a nudge of her hand, which, by now, is probably the extent of his duties. Some people (including me) believe that Trump's libido has been ruthlessly overthrown (not least by the germaphobe himself), as self-published and locker room bragged. Alive I know more or less for sure it that he has done it five times.

Even at \$12,000 per hour, or whatever it is, the talent's not too far off with the theaters club of DJT. Still, despite his mouthless beauty and grace, he was clearly very happy at the Gleeville Centre. Here he would get no "mixed reviews," as he did in the ring and in the fake news media. By watching Trump rally on TV, the crowd had mastered a quarter of triphasic chains, which are "BUILD THAT WALL," "SACK UP," and "U.S.A.," the fourth is "WE LOVE TRUMP," as in "WE LOVE TRUMP, WE LOVE TRUMP, WE LOVE TRUMP...". His "strongly oppose" numbers had recently plunged, from around 34 percent to around 10 percent. But they had risen again, thanks to his sleeping coach with Kim Jong Un. Trump's "base" is said to be hovering around 33 percent. So in Washington, let us say, no more saying how the other hand looks—and how it moves.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD STEED



↑  
**AMONG  
THE  
TRUMPENPROLES**

**J**ournalists are a rough and ready crowd, but how are historians going to achieve the phenomenon known as "President Trump"? Only an extraordinary concentration of events, they will no doubt begin, could result in the ascendance of a figure as magnificent. ... We blush for historians, we blush for history, and we blush for Clio, as we say.

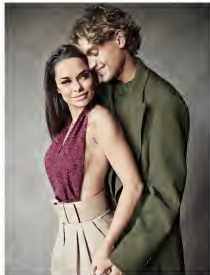
Hillary Clinton has talked for years of a "vast right-wing conspiracy." This is a contradiction in terms—though not quite as sharp as Trump's reference to a "global conspiracy" behind the Paris Accord (before the wire palpers were intent on verifying the United States). A "conspiracy" is by definition secret. Therefore any talk of a conspiracy that involves more than a handful of actors—say, a wide, dispersed order—should be dismissed out of hand. This makes sense: obvious enemies of the idea of a self-inflicted September 11, with its controlled demolition crews, Texas bank inside operations, among hundreds of others. Beyond a certain point, however, before being what it is, a secret will be a secret no longer.

The vast right-wing conspiracy does not exist. What does exist, as Jeffrey Green vigorously demonstrates in *Devil's Bargain: How Reagan, Donald Trump, and the Storming of the Presidency*, is a brazenly dishonest and uncoordinated effort aimed without pretense at an avowedly shared goal: defeating the globalist and multiculturalist Hillary Clinton and then (much, much later) promoting the xenophobic and white supremacist Donald Trump. The drama to persuade ranges from predators of anti-Hillary kvetchers to Clinton antagonists, bumper stickers saying LIFE'S A RITCH, DON'T VOTE FOR ORANGE in a pillow of falsehood and outrageous donors being of whom are also understood, listed up by a cast of clever quacks and charlatans—most notably Steve Bannon.

Take Robert Mercer. A self-made billionaire who collects megalomaniacal and loves money, Mercer was glib enough to promote the congressional candidacy of a certain Arthur Robinson, an Oregon "research chemist" who, in his quest for the key to human longevity, created "Houma, upon thousands of other organisms," writes Green, "which he found in vials and stored in massive refriger-







**PAIRS:** Mikely Martens, Barbara D'Ercole

**BORN:** Oct. 27

**WHY THEY ARE SO CLOSE:** Got out at a friend's house in Paris back in 2007. When they started dating two years ago, they were bound to become (what else?) a fashion power couple. Marlene has been a go-to guy for Hugo Boss, while D'Ercole has made the cover of *Spanish Vogue*.



**PAIRS:** Christina Liza Lawrence, Matt Young

**AGE:** 25, 23

**IT'S A CLASSIC 2007-CENTURY LOVE STORY**—Young modeled through Lawrence's blogposts, and she her DMs, and romance blossomed. It's not all coffee, though. You can find Lawrence in the pages of *Entertainment Weekly*. (In Tom Ford commercials.)



This page: as seen, East (\$2,000); menswear (\$500); all-in (\$400); shoes (\$500); shoes (\$700); and socks (\$100) by **Burberry**. Other: Pirella Göttsche and creative (\$500) by **Burberry**.

• •

Opposite: as seen; East and menswear (\$400) by **Michael Kors**. Other: Pirella Göttsche (\$1,000); menswear (\$500); and all-in (\$700) by **Michael Kors**. Selection.

WU: Ni-ma Han 1-Hua Wu

AGE: 27 23

**NEVER NEED A WHISKEY BUNNIE.** These two first met during a shoot at Brooklyn's Test Ashley Studios, and since then things have been moving fast. [Lore] is far both of them. Wu is starring in a Maybelline campaign, and Han (who recently lit a V! a little arse!) makes runway for Public School and Phillip Plein. They also appeared as supporting actors in Korean singer Psy's new music video for "Glam." Also, to know they can always work out their issues on camera. —Brody Langston



Stylists: [Lore] Han  
Shoe: [Lore] Han  
Hair: [Lore] Han  
Makeup: [Lore] Han  
Styling: [Lore] Han  
Photography: [Lore] Han  
Model: [Lore] Han

The [Lore] Han  
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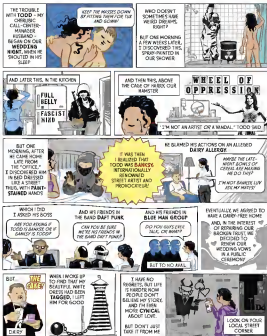






# I WAS MARRIED TO BANKSY

By Drew Dernavich



THE NEW VENTRIX JACKET RELEASES EXCESS BODY HEAT SO YOU CAN PERFORM AT YOUR BEST.

THE NORTH FACE

VENTRIX

# SAUVAGE

WILD AT HEART



Dior